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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 577
EDITORIALS:
Helping Mussolini Win His War 580
"This Business of Relief" 581
The Supreme Court and the Poor Investor 581
A Long Road 582
ISSUES AND MEN. HONOR TO WILLIAM J. BRYAN. By Oswald Garrison Villard 583
WHY THEY "DRILLED" DUTCH SCHULTZ. By Emanuel H. Lavine 584
AFTER THE ELECTIONS. By Raymond Gram Swing 587
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 588
THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTION. By Harold J. Laski . . 589
CORRESPONDENCE 590
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:
Illinois Miners Work for Unity. By James P. Mitchell 592
Facts for Consumers. By Ruth Brindze 592
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS.
Our Critics, Right or Wrong. III. By Mary McCarthy and Margaret Marshall 595
Literature on the Left. By Louis Kronenberger 600
Paths of Empire. By Frederick L. Schuman 600
Poets of the Future. By Eda Lou Walton 601
In Prison. By Dorothy Van Doren 602
Drama: A Provincial Lady in Town. By Joseph Wood Krutch . 603
Films: Utopia or Lilliput? By Mark Van Doren 604

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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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THE REPORT that Laval is considering an agreement giving Hitler a free hand in the East in return for a definite pledge safeguarding France's eastern frontier may be wholly without foundation, but its persistence illustrates the fundamental instability of present-day European alignments. For it need scarcely be pointed out that a Franco-German rapprochement would change the entire map of Europe. It would mean that France, and presumably England and Italy, would back Hitler in his avowed program of expansion at the expense of Memel and the Soviet Ukraine, on the understanding that Hitler would renounce his ambitions in Austria and Alsace-Lorraine. That Italy would fall in with such a scheme goes without saying, and there is an influential group among the British Tories that would like nothing better than a plan that promised a united front against the Soviet Union. Fortunately, such an agreement would encounter tremendous opposition not only from the French left parties but also, paradoxically enough, from those of the extreme right. The latter argue that the result of such a shift in French foreign policy would be the loss of French influence in Central Europe, which would mean that France would become a second-rate power. They also point out that a strong, militant Germany, successful in its struggles in the East, would constitute a far greater danger to French security than the present economically weakened Reich surrounded by an iron ring of hostile states. Under the present circumstances Laval will hardly dare repudiate the Franco-Soviet alliance. But if England should take the leadership in seeking a four-power agreement, France might be put in a position where it had no alternative. The fact that such overnight reversals are possible indicates the chaos into which Europe is drifting.

SANCTIONS are to be met by sanctions, Italy refusing to accept normal imports from nations which take part in the punitive policy of Geneva. This is Mussolini's retort to the League, to which he adds, in his note to all member states, the implied threat that Italy will leave the League. The note has been informally communicated to the State Department, presumably to head off any American move to restrict trade with Italy. Mussolini's decision to retaliate against economic penalties is natural, and no doubt the curtailment of imports into Italy will injure business interests in other states, and so make the Geneva experiment somewhat more unpopular. But the sales to Italy are only a fraction of the trade of other countries, while Italy may lose all its foreign trade, imports as well as exports, and will be forgoing purchases which cannot be replaced. This will save the country money, but only at a sacrifice in the standard of life. The Italian note makes the incontrovertible statement that a nation of 44,000,000 persons cannot be shut off from world trade without affecting the welfare of workers everywhere. He might have added that economic sanctions are economic warfare, which like all warfare costs heavily. The argument for them is not that they are cheap but that they are infinitely cheaper than the military warfare by which fascism lays so much store. The reception of the note in Paris was distinctly unfavorable, which will have surprised Rome, since it wrote it partly for its effect on French public opinion. Knowing that France is lukewarm in its support of sanctions and that the Cabinet is divided, Mussolini expected to improve his case with a display of bad temper. Instead, he has made it much more difficult for Laval to function as peacemaker.

WE WERE DISAPPOINTED in the President's Armistice Day address, which reflected the contradictions and incompleteness of the Administration's policy toward Europe. "While, therefore," he said, "we cannot and must not hide our concern for grave world dangers, and while, at the same time, we cannot build walls around ourselves and hide our heads in the sand, we must go forward with all our strength to stress and to strive for international peace." Here the context calls for concrete proposals on how to "stress and strive for" peace. It is at this juncture that the President proceeds: "In this effort America must and will protect herself . . ."; and he goes on to promise an armament race against the armaments "of others." Even though this threat is accompanied by a promise to reduce armaments if others do so, it is hardly to be disguised as a contribution to peace. It is the ordinary sophistication of

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the *Realpolitiker* to justify a great war machine as "self-defense," and the President did not do himself justice in this address, or we have overestimated his real concern for peace. He may have been himself unhappy not to say more, neutrality toward Europe being now so overwhelmingly in favor. For this reason he may have yielded to the temptation to announce from the grave of the Unknown Soldier the coming trade agreement with Canada. It had nothing to do with Armistice Day, except that it sounded peaceful to have agreed with somebody about something.

THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN reciprocity agreement is a signal triumph for the new Liberal Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, who assumed office on October 22. For nearly three years Mr. Bennett had been working for such a pact, but he had been limited by his own commitments at Ottawa as well as by the unwillingness of the United States to make any substantial concessions on wheat, lumber, copper, cattle, dairy products, or potatoes—Canada's leading exports. It is natural that the need of a reciprocity pact should have been felt more clearly in Canada than in this country. In normal times the United States absorbed approximately two-fifths of Canada's exports and furnished two-thirds of its imports. During the depression this trade had declined even more than world trade in general, reaching a low in 1933 of only 27 per cent of the 1930 volume. While Canadian-American reciprocity has never been an outstanding political issue in this country, the agreement has been awaited as the first real test of the efficacy of the Administration's tariff policy. All the other pacts have been with countries whose trade with the United States was at best of minor importance. Canada, on the other hand, is by far our largest customer, having taken $868,000,000 worth of American goods in 1929. Although negotiations have been going on intermittently for nearly three years, the pact has presented great difficulties owing to the fact that many Canadian exports tend to compete directly with American products. Whether the two governments have been able to rise above surface difficulties and provide a genuine reduction of trade barriers on both sides can only be determined when the full details of the agreement are published. If we were to judge solely by the handful of pacts already signed, we should be inclined to be skeptical. But if the agreement embodies substantial reductions on a large number of important articles, it may well become one of the outstanding achievements of the Roosevelt Administration.

BOTH AT SHANGHAI and in North China, Japan has answered the recrudescence of anti-Japanese feeling with threats of military action. The invasion of the demilitarized zone at Shanghai, supposedly as a reprisal for the murder of a Japanese marine, can only be interpreted as an attempt to intimidate Nanking on the eve of the opening of the Fifth Kuomintang Congress. Behind this action lay a considerable amount of unconcealed irritation over China's sudden abandonment of silver as a monetary standard. Japan's pique in this connection has not been due so much to actual injury as to resentment that Nanking should take an important step without the advice of its natural "protectors." Rumors that China was about to obtain a substantial loan from Great Britain, though probably false, have not eased matters appreciably. In the north the island empire has had its way without apparent opposition. The Chinese officials who had nominally been ruling this section under Japanese tutelage have been dismissed, and new ones—even more subservient to Japan—have been named to supersede them. The latest report is that a number of Japanese are to be appointed as "advisers" in different portions of North China. With the opposition daily growing in strength and the Communists winning new victories over Chiang Kai-shek's troops in the northwest, the outlook for Nanking during the next few months is far from encouraging.

WHILE WAR seems steadily more imminent, the observance by American college students of Armistice Day took the form of a universal peace demonstration. In New York City something like 25,000 students attended meetings, and a goodly portion of them—the figures are not yet complete—took the Oxford pledge of non-participation in any future war. One of the most interesting meetings was held on Boston Common, where 2,000 students from nearby colleges assembled, 600 of them being in R. O. T. C. uniforms. The meetings were for the most part held without protest from the college authorities. President Robinson of City College, of course, distinguished himself along the usual lines by refusing to permit the Oxford pledge to be read to the students; at Howard University in Washington the Hearst papers reported to the police that a band of Communists was coming into the campus to commit violence. Accordingly the campus gates were locked and a peace meeting of some 250 students was postponed for several hours while the police were persuaded that no bombings were in prospect. But on the whole the meetings were earnest, well-attended, and respectfully treated. When war is far away, peace can be laughed at; when it is just next door, the patriots can urge the suppression of peace discussions as treasonable. There is a moment in between, and we are experiencing it now, when the honest peace advocates are joined and even applauded by more conservative forces. We can only hope that another Armistice Day will see war no nearer, will find peace just as heartily championed.

THE STRIKE at the plant of Consumers' Research has now been going on for nearly two months. Nine former employees, among them Dewey H. Palmer, former director and treasurer of the organization, are serving or have served time in the Warren County jail, the charges being contempt of court for violation of the injunction obtained by the directors against the strikers, unlawful assembly, malicious mischief, and inciting to riot. A hearing on the contempt-of-court charge is at present under way in Trenton; the defendants are eighteen other strikers or sympathizers. The plant itself is being operated by workers who did not join the strike, with the assistance of a number of strike-breakers imported from outside. The director, Mr. Schlink, remains obdurate to any suggestion for arbitration or negotiation with the union. An investigation carried on by the League of Women Shoppers determined the fact that the management has resisted every effort at negotiation proposed either by the strikers or by outside agencies, among the latter being Dorothy Kenyon of the Consumers' League, the League for Industrial Democracy, and Oscar Cox, counsel for Consumers' Research. A further investigation of the controversy has been carried on by an impartial investigating

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committee of which Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union, George S. Counts, and Reinhold Niebuhr are members. A report of the committee's findings will be issued shortly, and when it appears a comprehensive discussion of the case will be presented in these pages.

PHILADELPHIA'S NEXT MAYOR will be a Republican, instead of the first Democrat in fifty years. Inevitably, as in all elections these days, the policies of the Roosevelt Administration were the touchstone in the Quaker City's bitter municipal contest. Since the Republicans won, the result automatically became a repudiation of the New Deal. If the Democrats had won, there would have been great rejoicing at Hyde Park and Washington. Yet the plain truth is that the Philadelphia election was simply a set-to between two political machines, and the more formidable one was victorious. No national issues were involved, nor even any well-defined local issues. It was purely a matter of getting out the vote, a day when the ward-heeler came into his own; and the fact that on the eve of the election the Republican candidate was cited by a grand jury for the diversion of public funds to political uses, and was nevertheless elected by 50,000 votes, is ample proof that Vare when on earth wrought well. But the election has local significance, if nothing else. In the first place, the victorious candidate, City Controller S. Davis Wilson, is a Republican only for convenience, and was a bitter pill for the Vare crowd to swallow. He is an independent of the Pinchot school, and was indeed once the former governer's right-hand man. For years he waged a single-handed fight against traction and utility interests. The machine put him into office, but he is a man who may well disown the machine now that it has served his purpose.

THE NEW YORK *HERALD TRIBUNE* (Rep.) on November 8 quoted from the alleged case records of investigators in search of likely candidates for Mr. Tugwell's Rural Resettlement projects. Excerpts from the reports make strange reading. For example:

> S. G.'s family come highly recommended, but I just don't believe that they are the type of people that we want in the homestead group. They are of good character and have apparently made some effort to get somewhere, but have just been hard hit as well as all small farmers.
>
> Mrs. F. has dark auburn hair, brown eyes, and milk-white skin. In spite of such coveted features she is not a very attractive-looking woman, due to a peculiar expression about the eyes (the left one is crossed) and a small growth high on the right cheek and on nose.

Other families were objected to because the presence of a "confession magazine" in the home indicated the wrong sort of "ideals," because they belonged to a religious sect which worked on Sunday, which might "be upsetting to the community," or because they were of foreign descent and hence "might not be accepted socially." One of two things might be deduced from these quotations: first, that Mr. Tugwell is really running a sort of extension of the Social Register, which in a way would be helpful because we have in our acquaintance a number of moderately broken-down members of the best families whose table manners are all right and who therefore would make lovely tenants for model homes at government expense; and, second, that the whole thing is a plot on the part of the *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) and there is not a word of truth in it. At the risk of being sued for libel by an esteemed contemporary, we prefer to believe the latter. It really didn't happen, Mr. Tugwell, did it?

THE NEW DEAL has evidently not changed the traditional anti-union policy of the Post Office Department. From the inauguration of the government's economy program until August 16 of last year no new appointments were made to the regular service staff. On that date a number of substitutes who had been active in the affairs of the militant National Association of Substitute Post Office Employees were appointed to regular clerical posts. These workers promptly joined the unions of permanent employees, bringing into them new stimulation and life. The postal administration, as soon as it realized what was happening, brought the usual type of charges against three active employees and cited them for removal or discipline. The offenses charged—in all cases, loitering from five to seven minutes—are so trivial as to make the frame-up obvious. Hearst's New York *American* has been running a series of articles on "red" activity in the Post Office. The article of November 5 declared: "Postal officials have decided against any move which would permit the red leaders to set themselves up as martyrs. Gradually they are being dropped from the service, but no mass dismissals are planned." These three employees seem to be the first evidences of the department's policy of gradualism. Under present civil-service rules the department's power to discharge is final. A bill establishing a board of review in dismissals of federal employees failed to pass in the last Congress. It ought not to fail again.

MILLIONS OF WORDS were unloosed in the regular run of Armistice Day addresses, but credit for the most interesting speech must be reserved, we think, for Michael J. Kane, chairman of the Constitutional Defense Committee of the Pennsylvania Department of the American Legion. By trade Mr. Kane is a justice of the peace at Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, which is the feudal domain of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company; by nature he is a 100 per cent patriot. His speech was delivered in Philadelphia to a group of cheering legionnaires. "We're going to march on Armistice Day," he said, "and our firing squads [in Aliquippa] are carrying ball cartridges in their rifles, not blanks. If they need to they can shoot a few Communists in the eye. You should do the same thing here. We know you have a tough time in a big city. Up where I come from, if the Communists started a parade, we'd have the roof tops filled with legionnaires armed with paving bricks. Give those fellows a battle if they try anything on Armistice Day. If they try to break up the parade, we're going to show them whose country this is and what the flag stands for. We're not afraid of skunks, and they're skunks." The Communists, Mr. Kane made clear, included the American Civil Liberties Union, the League Against War and Fascism, the National Student League, and several pacifist organizations. Since none of these groups have shown any interest in Armistice Day or Armistice Day parades, except to ignore them, Mr. Kane's case of red spots before the eyes could be ignored as well if he had not been lustily applauded by the meeting, which represented 90 per cent of the Legion posts in Philadelphia and the four adjacent counties.

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Helping Mussolini Win His War

THE recent action by the League of Nations Sanctions Committee adding oil, coal, iron, pig iron, and steel to the list of war materials which should be barred from Italy makes it little short of criminal for the United States to delay further in taking steps to restrict the export of these commodities. In the embargo which goes into effect on November 18, forty-nine members of the League have pledged themselves not to supply Italy with rubber, bauxite, aluminum, nickel, manganese, tin, and other articles which can be controlled by the League states. Unfortunately, however, these products are not indispensable to Italy for war purposes, as are petroleum, gasoline, coal, and steel, which can be obtained from non-League powers. Of these the most vital for Mussolini's campaign are petroleum products. Even Rome itself admits that it would be seriously hampered if all petroleum imports were stopped. Prior to the opening of the war Italy purchased a large part of its oil from the Soviet Union, with which it carried on a flourishing trade. Smaller amounts were obtained from the United States, Great Britain, Rumania, and Colombia. Since all these countries except the United States are supporting sanctions, we are in the unenviable position of being responsible for supplying Mussolini's aeroplanes and tanks with fuel for their bombardment of Ethiopian villages. As our first contribution to this carnage, shipments of American oil to Italy increased in volume by 600 per cent in August and September, 1935, as compared with the corresponding months a year ago. A considerable increase in cotton exports is also reported, and scrap-iron and steel shipments during the first nine months of 1935 exceeded those for the whole of last year.

If instead of actively aiding Italy the United States had adopted an aggressive anti-war policy, the success of the League's sanctions program would be assured. Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Japan are the only important countries in addition to the United States which have not adopted the full economic penalties against Italy. Both Germany and Japan have followed our example in imposing an arms embargo on shipments to both belligerents. Austria and Hungary are forbidden to export arms under the peace treaties. The significant fact, however, is that none of these countries, except the United States, is in a position to furnish a substantial amount of the raw materials which Italy must have to wage its war. Japan is as short of coal, oil, iron ore, cotton, and non-ferrous metals as Italy itself. Germany can furnish some coal and steel, but is restricted in the amount which it can export by the exigencies of its own armament program. In fact, the Reich has definitely declared that it will take steps to prevent the export of "raw materials and foodstuffs which could endanger Germany's own domestic economic interests," and has intimated that it will drastically restrict war profiteering. If the United States and the League would each adopt plans for rationing exports to the handful of non-sanctions countries, there would be little danger of leakage through the transshipment of embargoed supplies.

Although an important difference of opinion exists between those who believe that the United States can keep out of war by strengthening its neutrality legislation and those who believe that we should actively cooperate with the League countries in the enforcement of penalties against violators of the Kellogg pact, no one except potential war profiteers can favor trade with Italy under the present circumstances. Neutrality is a mere sham as long as we furnish the necessary materials for Italy's war machine while the rest of the civilized world is endeavoring to prevent Italy from enjoying the fruits of its aggression. Not only is the United States on the sidelines when the nations of the world are engaged in a crucial struggle to establish law in place of the anarchy of force, but it is actively engaged in aiding the outlaw state.

The incongruous position in which the United States finds itself was clearly emphasized in Secretary Hull's radio address of November 6, which called for a revision of our neutrality policy. Mr. Hull conveyed a much-needed warning to the apparently impotent peace forces of this country when he declared that "we cannot assume that when provision has been made to stop the shipments of arms . . . we may complacently sit back with the feeling that we are secure from all danger." As a matter of fact, there is a very considerable danger that we may be drawn into the war. Should the United States continue to develop its trade in raw materials with Italy in defiance of the League's action, the League powers would either have to admit defeat or resort to a naval blockade of Italian ports. In case of a blockade, the United States would either have to defend its neutral "rights" at the risk of war or suddenly terminate a budding export trade, with disastrous effect on important sectors of our economic life, particularly the cotton region of the South and the oil districts of the West. Pressure politics being what it is, the chances are overwhelming that the first alternative would be adopted.

If Secretary Hull's plea for legislation giving the President discretion in determining the time and scope of any embargo to be imposed is favorably acted on by Congress, we shall be in a much stronger position to meet future emergencies. But obviously we should not wait until the regular session of Congress in January before taking action to meet the present crisis. As was shown by experience in the World War, it is vastly easier to stop the growth of trade at its inception than it is to cut off that trade after it has been allowed to flourish for a considerable period. If public pressure were great enough to demand immediate action, it is probable that the Administration would discover that the "implements of war" clause in the recently adopted neutrality act constituted a sufficient basis for at least a temporary ban on the export of raw materials for war purposes. While this action might prove dangerous in case Italy declared war on the League states, it has the strategic advantage of being already on the statute books. But if the Administration is unwilling to act without a specific mandate from Congress, it should summon that body immediately. Each month that Italy is able to continue its illegal war adds to the danger of its spreading into a world conflict.

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"This Business of Relief"

EVERYTHING is going up. Stock-market quotations are at new highs. The business index is rapidly approaching "normal." The index of food prices has risen 14 per cent since the first of the year. The WPA has reached its goal in New York City.

Only the unemployment index in New York has remained stationary. Today, as two years ago, there are still a million unemployed in the city. But real wages, including relief income, have gone down. While the New York *Times* business index has risen from approximately 88 in August to nearly 93 on November 10, the number of families on the relief rolls (including work relief, now handled by WPA) rose from the peak of 338,000 to a new high of 363,000 during the same period. And the number continues to rise. Five weeks ago 1,600 new families were added to the home-relief rolls. During the past week 6,900 were added.

When the WPA was launched as the solution of the unemployment problem, the President announced that "the federal government must and will quit this business of relief." The new program was to give a job to every able-bodied man whom the new prosperity did not place in private industry. WPA in New York City has put 223,000 persons to work. This still leaves 750,000 unemployed who can hope for no help from WPA, since it has already reached its quota. Private industry cannot be depended upon to absorb any appreciable number of these, since business is now operating at nearly "normal" capacity without having made any great inroad on unemployment totals. In the face of these facts Victor Ridder, the Works Progress Administrator, promises a steady "deflation" of the WPA program. This will inevitably throw the released WPA workers back on the local home-relief rolls, repeating the cycle of home relief to local made work, to home relief, to federal CWA, back to home or work relief, back again to federal WPA, then on to home relief. And so round and round.

It was the purpose of WPA to absorb all employable persons on the home-relief rolls. But even with the WPA quota reached, there are still some 140,000 families left on home relief, of whom more than half have one or more employable members. And these numbers on home relief are rapidly increasing. The increase comes from three sources: first, families who have reached the end of their savings; second, workers with seasonable jobs who formerly earned enough to carry them through the slack season, but who now because of low wages and depleted resources must apply for relief at each layoff; third, workers discharged by WPA as projects are completed.

Last spring the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment Relief reported that relief standards in the city were 40 per cent below those of private welfare agencies; that the relief budget included no allowance for household expenses to replace pots, dishes, bedding, and other home necessities; that it included no allowance for carfare to enable members of families to travel for medical attention or to look for work; that it made no adequate allowance for clothing; that it allowed so little for rent that families frequently had to use part of their food money of about eight cents a meal per person to make up their rent deficit.

These indecent standards are now threatened with further reduction by the growth of the relief rolls and the threatened withdrawal of the federal government from "this business of relief." The Controller of the city insists on keeping standards down on the ground that the city must keep its relief appropriation within its sales-tax income, estimated at $50,000,000 for the year. Improved business, however, has now increased sales-tax receipts to an estimated $66,000,000. The Controller refuses to use the additional millions, though earmarked for relief, to improve relief standards. Instead, he proposes to use them to pay off the bankers for their 1934 relief loan. Then, says the Controller, the city's relief budget will be "balanced." So the recipients of relief will have to be content with the knowledge that the budget is balanced and that they must keep on wearing the dresses, shoes, and coats they have already bought with their clothing allowance of twenty-seven cents a month each.

The Supreme Court and the Poor Investor

DR. FERD LAUTENBACH, the Baltimore dentist, never met his distinguished counsel, John W. Davis, until hearings opened before Federal Judge Coleman on the constitutionality of the Public Utility Holding Company Act. Mr. Davis has won his case but Dr. Lautenbach has little cause for rejoicing. One conservative financial commentator called the decision "a knockout to the champions of weird economics." There could be no economics more weird than those of the holding companies to which Dr. Lautenbach and thousands like him intrusted their savings. Mr. Davis and the American Liberty League and the Edison Institute are fighting, of course, to protect the rights of property and to shield the poor investor. But one need only glance at the record of the American States Public Service Company, in which Dr. Lautenbach invested his money, to see that the investor will be the loser if the holding company act is voided.

The American States Public Service Company was organized in 1928 under the corporation laws of the state of Delaware. It held stock in holding companies which in turn held stock in holding companies which in turn held stock in holding and operating companies all over the country. In pyramiding it followed the methods of Dean Swift's flea, with bonds issued on common issued on bonds issued on common *ad infinitum*. Ultimate collapse might have been foreseen, and it went into receivership in 1934. Dr. Lautenbach invested $2,500 in the ten-year, six per cent gold debentures, and if the Coleman decision stands and American States Public Service is permitted to reorganize as a holding company, he will get thirty shares of Class B common stock for his $2,500. At present Dr. Lautenbach's holdings are worth about $325. It is hard to say how much they will be worth after the reorganization. The present Class A stock sells between 1/8 and 1/16—when you can find a customer for it. The present Class B is worth even less. If American States had the assets it claims it has—$19,000,000—Dr. Lautenbach would be far better off if the company were liquidated, because the present funded debt is only a little

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more than $11,000,000. But until now there has been no "meddlesome" government agency to keep an eye on the balance sheets, and the $19,000,000 is probably more than half imaginary. Accountants for the reorganization committee, in fact, place the reproduction cost less depreciation at less than $8,000,000.

The government's effort to protect the nation's Dr. Lautenbachs is now found to violate "due process." Mr. Davis even cited the constitutional bar against "cruel and unusual punishments" in attacking the act; and Judge Coleman finds that in its enactment Congress exceeded its powers over interstate commerce and its authority over the mails, that it was "grossly arbitrary, unreasonable, and capricious" and "flagrantly violated the requirements of due process of law under the Fifth Amendment." If the states ever try to protect the Dr. Lautenbachs, the courts will probably find that they "flagrantly violated the requirements of due process of law" under the Fourteenth Amendment. It is interesting to note that the corporation lawyers who assailed the holding-company act as unfair and unconstitutional were themselves unfair, if not unconstitutional, in their methods of attack. The case was arranged under circumstances that made it impossible for the federal government effectively to defend the act or to appeal the decision. And under the guise of petitioning the court for advice the trustees were really asking for an opinion on constitutionality before any case or controversy had actually come before the court. This, in case the American Liberty League has overlooked it, is contrary to the intentions of the Founders, the Constitution they wrote, the doctrine of separation of powers on which they based the Constitution, and the precedents drawn from it by the federal courts.

A Long Road

IN a few more weeks "Tobacco Road" will be able to claim a longer run on the New York stage than has ever been enjoyed by any other play except "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Lightnin'"—neither of which it greatly resembles. Like Miss Anne Nichols's masterpiece, the drama received a less than dubious reception from most of the critics—though *The Nation* was enthusiastic—and no one guessed that it would achieve any outstanding success. Indeed, it was very near to closing during its early weeks, but attendance gradually grew and it has now become possible for the press department to compile horrifying statistics. The actor who plays "Dude" is said, for example, to have consumed more than fifteen hundred raw turnips at the rate of two a performance, and several Ford fenders have been worn out in the scene which requires that one be dragged on the stage as part of a rapidly disintegrating car.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to compile statistics to show whether or not New Yorkers are any the worse for their long association with Jeeter Lester and his tribe, but the play seems destined to a career outside the metropolis almost as stormy as that of "Waiting for Lefty," since two mayors have already declared in no uncertain terms that there will be no "horsing around" on the stages of their fair cities. In Detroit a circuit judge has just refused to prevent the police from closing the play after a four weeks' run; in Chicago injunctions, restraints, orders to show cause, and the like have been flying back and forth for some time in a yet undecided battle.

The case has a certain peculiar interest because of the fact that it is difficult to see how objections to the play can be rationalized in either of the two most usual ways. Though Erskine Caldwell, from whose novel it was dramatized, has since thrown in his lot with the radicals, the passing reference in the play to absentee landlordism can hardly be called sufficiently subversive to endanger the state. On the other hand, it certainly cannot be charged that vice is rendered attractive. Surely no one who observes the goings-on between the turnip-eating youth and the harelipped imbecile is likely to be impelled to go and do likewise. If the mayors object, their objections must be based upon a purely mystical recognition of the force of the taboo. Certain things must not be said or done simply because they must not be said or done, or because—as the immortal Jeremy Collier replied to those who defended swearing on the stage when it was in character—"the sin sticks to the syllables."

Summoned into consultation and asked for an opinion, *The Nation's* dramatic critic declared, perhaps a bit paradoxically, that the play is not only highly moral but beautiful and heartening. "The real point of this drama," he said, "lies in the fact that its chief characters, despite the wretchedness of their lives, are admirably salty fellows in whom the lust of life—in the more general as well as the more specific meaning of the words—has never died. They represent the indomitable persistence of two of the best of human characteristics—wit and desire—through lives which seem calculated to extinguish both. Fortitude—gay loving and gay mocking in the face of bludgeoning fate—is one of the most exhilarating as well as one of the most beautiful things in the world, and the inhabitants of Tobacco Road have fortitude."

Circuit Judge Guy A. Miller characterized the play as "devoid of merit, stupid, profane, obscene, and degrading." He added, "It is difficult to imagine any play so completely devoid of literary or artistic merit." To *The Nation's* critic, however, these were mere weasel words by comparison with those used on another occasion by a very famous American dramatic critic, who wrote as follows about a certain dramatist:

> ————'s sociological plays neither impart nor enforce helpful significance as to the social themes they present: they suggest no improvement. Their author was not only dreary and dejected himself; he was the cause that dreariness and dejection are in the minds of all clear-brained thinkers who study his writings. . . . A reformer who asks you to crawl with him in a sewer, merely to see and breathe its feculence, is a pest. . . . The movement of the world is onward and upward, but that movement has never been helped, and it never will be helped, by any such gospel of disordered mentality, distrust, despondency, bitterness, and gloom as that which proceeded from the diseased mind of ————. And if the reader is half as sick of the whole subject of his plays as I am, he must be indeed rejoiced to come to the end of this chapter!

The critic was William Winter; the dramatist under discussion was Hendrick Ibsen. No wonder that when this famous critic finally ceased his labors, a commentator quoted Shakespeare: "Fear no more the heat of the *Sun*, nor furious Winter's rages."

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Issues and Men

Honor to William J. Bryan

MY conscience is troubling me a good deal these days in regard to William Jennings Bryan. Not that I was one of those who vehemently denounced his resignation from the Cabinet of Woodrow Wilson or his earnest efforts to keep Americans from traveling in the war zone. My criticisms were based upon other things. They trouble me now because as I look back on those war years I can see how eternally right he was in his main contentions, and I am sorry that I helped to create feeling against him by attacking him on other lines. So I feel like getting up a great mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall in New York to do honor to his memory. There should be no difficulty in getting distinguished speakers because the correctness of his attitude and policy has now been so clearly demonstrated that Congress has voted his neutrality policy and the President has put it into effect.

It is easy to recall the names that were applied to Mr. Bryan's action when he demanded that Americans should give up their right to travel in the submarine-infested war zone. It was craven cowardice; it was supine submission to the devilish Hun, and gave consent to the German campaign of atrocities against shipping. But today the President by proclamation, acting under the orders of Congress, has notified American citizens that they must not travel at sea on belligerent ships in the expectation that the American flag will protect them if they do so. They go at their own risk. How is that for a wholesale justification of Mr. Bryan? Even more striking is ex-Secretary Stimson's coming out in favor of the extension of the embargo on munitions and implements of war to cover all those essential articles and raw materials which are included in the ban of the League of Nations, in order that Italy should not buy here what it cannot get elsewhere—oil sales to Italy increased in volume roughly 600 per cent in August and September last, and large amounts of cotton and other materials for Italy are steadily being shipped from the port of New Orleans. I think that I should ask ex-Secretary Stimson to be chairman of my Carnegie Hall meeting.

Then I should have a sinners' seat on the platform which I should grace with a number of prominent newspaper editors. There would be a special bench for the editors of the New York *Times,* and as they filed in I should hand them typewritten copies of this passage from Secretary Bryan's resignation: "But even if the government could not legally prevent citizens from traveling on belligerent ships, it could, and in my judgment should, earnestly advise American citizens not to risk themselves or the peace of their country, and I have no doubt that these warnings would be heeded. President Taft advised Americans to leave Mexico when insurrection broke out there. . . . I think the same course should be followed in warning Americans to keep off vessels subject to attack." To this I should append this extract from a *Times* editorial on Bryan's resignation:

> It was inevitable that the people of his own country would condemn him for insisting upon a policy of abandoning their rights, a policy of supine acquiescence in wrong, in deeds of outrage and murder, in crimes that have sent some of them to their deaths and threatened the peace and security of all of them.

Then there would be special seats for the editors of the now extinct New York *Globe,* who wrote that "instead of promoting a peaceful settlement Mr. Bryan practically throws his influence in the other balance." The Seattle *Post Intelligencer* should also have delegates present to be reminded of their description of Mr. Bryan as "a pacifist temporarily bereft of reason and lost to sense of patriotic duty; a misplaced figurehead." The editors of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* would sit nearby recalling their words: "Mr. Bryan's views, turned into a national policy, would mean national suicide." And there would also be a seat reserved for my predecessor as editor of *The Nation,* who had this to say about the Secretary's resignation:

> All that we wish to point out now is that Bryan's statement bears on its face such proofs of mental confusion, such an inability to follow a course of reasoning, and such gross inconsistency with what Mr. Bryan has himself said and written as to show that the State Department was no place for him. It is not needful to dwell on the inherent absurdity of Mr. Bryan's position.

But Mr. Bryan is not the only one whom I would commemorate in Carnegie Hall. Two recent happenings have attracted my attention. The Oregon State Federation of Labor at its recent meeting passed a resolution going on record "in tribute to the high courage and character of the late beloved Harry K. Lane, and [urging] that all organizations and newspapers which eighteen years ago impugned the motives and integrity of Senators Lane, Robert M. La Follette, Sr., George W. Norris, and other Senators who voted against our government's entrance into the war take steps to note on their records the events which have justified the Senators' stand." The resolution added that "the passage of time, the rise of dictators in Europe, the duplicity and machinations of munitions makers, the crumbling of world peace once more, all have served to vindicate the heroic stand of Senator Lane." Senator Lane, alas, cannot be with us; he died of a broken heart in the middle of the storm of unjust and scurrilous abuse that raged around him. The other event is the unveiling of a memorial to Senator William J. Stone on October 11, with a dedicatory speech by the worthy son of Champ Clark, Senator Bennett Champ Clark. Senator Stone, too, was one of the "wilful men" who dared to be true to his conscience, his oath of office, and his country. I would call the roll of honor of these "wilful men," wilful in their unsurpassed courage, their wisdom, their true patriotism.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Why They "Drilled" Dutch Schultz

By EMANUEL H. LAVINE

WAY back last March police found the murdered body of Sam Druckman in a Brooklyn garage. Druckman was a bookie who had gone to the loan sharks or "Shylocks" for a series of loans aggregating $10,000 when the horses and bets went against him for a spell and he had no ready "sugar" to pay the boys. He didn't want a reputation as a welcher of bets. The sidewalk bankers let him have the money with the understanding it would cost him a $1,000 bonus and interest for one month. When, in March, Druckman was unable to fork over his obligation to the loan sharks, they said, "Get it up—or else."

But the horses and bets had gone steadily against Druckman and he found he could only beg, borrow, or steal $3,000 when the pay-off time came around.

"Get it up—or else," he was again warned.

The "or else" was accomplished, but not with the customary neatness and dispatch, for some passer-by heard his screams in the garage where he was being given the works—including burning the soles of his feet with lighted candles—and the police cars came screeching. The result was that the boys who had just finished torturing him to death were unable to take his body for a "ride" and were caught red-handed. Whereupon the loan-shark big shots had to go into action in a hurry.

These loan-shark racketeers, operating chiefly in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn—one of whom was present at the murder but was permitted to escape—phoned the financial backer.

"We got to have one hundred grand on the line right away to square a 'burning rap,' " he whispered to the backer, a supposedly reputable business man with a string of enterprises—legitimate—in Brooklyn. This business man, finding himself with about a million dollars in cash, had decided that the loan-shark business would double his money in a short while. He was right, for he received regular weekly payments with high interest rates on all loans, which he promptly reinvested through the gangster-bankers. When he was asked to cough up $100,000 to square the murder rap, he demurred. He paid it, but it gave him food for thought.

The case was squared with the $100,000, and that is why the recent activity against the money-lending racketeers didn't flare up last spring. It was hushed neatly—with wads of greenbacks. A detective with a reputation for taking plenty of small gratuities confessed later to his superiors that $100,000 was offered for a ten-way split. That much money constituted a bribe. The Druckman slaying eventually developed into a *cause célèbre* in the Geoghan-McGoldrick mudslinging campaign for the district attorneyship in Brooklyn. But this political row was subsidiary flub-dub. In the Druckman murder lies the real answer to the question, "Why did they drill the Dutchman?"

When the big business man, backer of the loan sharks, was forced to part with $100,000 hush money to be spread where it would do the most good, he suddenly realized he had let himself in for some big drains on his exchequer by hooking up with the so-called "Shylock" murdering racketeers. So he tried to free himself from the clutches of the bungling gentry who had adopted him as their banker. Chief among his clients was Joe Amberg, of the Brownsville Amberg clan. The clan had consisted of Hyman Amberg—Hymie the Rat—who tried to break out of the Tombs years ago and shot his brains out when cornered in the prison yard; Oscar, another brother, who was supposed to have smuggled the gun to Hymie and who is still hiding out somewhere; and Joe and Louis. As brothers will, Joe and Louis had their scraps sometimes but nevertheless remained brothers in blood and brothers in crime.

Louis—known as "Pretty Louis" because of his intensely ugly features—controlled the newly founded big-scale money-lending racket. He was doing nicely, thank you, by lending money at lush rates of interest, ranging from 160 to 1,040 per cent. The smaller the loan the higher the rate.

Joe Amberg controlled the white-apron and white-coat retail laundry racket in Brooklyn, exacting his tithe from wearers of the white starched habiliments, who include doctors, dentists, bartenders, butchers, cafeteria workers, and so on down the line. When you use a blackjack and brass knuckles to impress on the debtor the urgency of paying up or taking the consequences, it is easy to collect the principal with plenty of interest when payments lag.

This principle applied to the laundry and other rackets. And it was what impressed Dutch Schultz when he started looking around for a soft spot in which to ensconce himself in New York City. It looked like even easier money than the policy-game racket and didn't involve nearly as much grief as beer running. In fact it sounded damn near respectable—like being a banker. And the Dutchman rather relished being something like a banker. He talked the thing over with "Bo" Weinberg, his right-hand helper in arranging financial details. "Bo" thought it sounded good, too, and started a few inquiries.

Those inquiries led right back to the big business man in Brooklyn, who was looking for an out in his entanglement with the Amberg and other loan-shark racketeers. The $100,000 he had paid still rankled. "Bo" heard of the unrest in the business man's bosom and telephoned him for a conference and a new proposition.

"Look here," he told the gentleman, "I can make you a much better proposition than the Ambergs or any of them. Dutch Schultz will play ball with you and you won't have any more headaches. And we'll give you a more generous cut-in for the use of your money. We're going to operate big in New York and Brooklyn so that Louis Amberg will look like the punk he is."

"O. K.," the business man said, and handed Weinberg $10,000 to seal the bargain. "I'll tell Louis I am pulling out from his mob in Brooklyn."

To "Bo" the money was as good as a duly executed court agreement, and he went back to the Dutchman and told him everything would be set in a little while. Schultz no longer bothered to keep his plans secret, and Louis Amberg

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learned that his money man was being stolen from under his nose. He tried to force the business man to stick with him. The "banker" immediately got in touch with Weinberg. "Bo" bolstered his failing courage by shouting, "The Dutchman will handle this situation in the same expert manner that he handles all complicated situations. Just you sit tight and don't worry."

The invasion became an established fact when Schultz, feeling that the sooner he broke into the money-lending business the sooner the tremendous profits would pour in, sent Frank Dolak and Benjamin Holinsky, who for three years had acted as his bodyguard, into the Pitkin Avenue sector to start a rival "Shylock" office.

Joe Amberg told the "bankers": "You better go back and tell Dutch to keep his goddam nose out of here and stay on his side of the bridge. We don't want him chiseling in here."

The Schultz henchmen went back to their boss and reported the conversation. Schultz straightened his tie. He felt just a slight tremor somewhere within him, for Weinberg, good old "Bo," had been mysteriously missing for several days and Schultz had been unable to get a line on him even through the never-failing "grapevine route." Could it be possible the Ambergs had done away with "Bo"—maybe sealed him up in a barrel of wet cement, waited for it to dry (the quick-hardening variety), and dumped him in the river? Could it be? Well, he wouldn't back down for a bunch of punks. He'd muscle in and make his tactics stick. But "Bo" was definitely not around. Maybe they had got him because he approached the business-man backer?

"You go on back to Pitkin Avenue and open the joint with music and flags," Schultz ordered.

"Bo" had disappeared on September 9, and on September 17 the bodies of Dolak and Holinsky were found riddled with bullets in the Dutchman's stronghold—the Bronx.

The Ambergs were thereby credited with having two notches in the guns they had trained on Schultz. The Dutchman however wasn't taking it. He still didn't know where "Bo" was, but he did know that the men he had sent into Pitkin Avenue had been "sieved." His mob organization wasn't functioning thoroughly yet, what with his having been away warring victoriously with the federal government, so he used a little money judiciously and had a heart-to-heart talk with several members of the former Vincent ("Mad Dog") Coll and Joey Rao gangs. He wanted Joe Amberg put out of the way for keeps.

Joe meanwhile figured he had shown that Dutchman what he thought of him. Just because the papers had made his name a household word didn't mean that Dutch Schultz could digest forty-five-caliber slugs any better than some other punk who was trying to muscle in. Even his brother, Pretty Louis, applauded the exploits of the Amberg dynasty.

The boys who were paid to put the slugs into Joe Amberg got into Brownsville quietly in the vicinity of Blake and Christopher streets. Thirteeen days after the Schultz henchmen had been put out of the way in the Bronx, the Dutchman's hired killers got Joe Amberg.

Joe was ready for a game of golf. He had his golf bags, his Fair Isle sweater, and his cleated shoes with him. His chauffeur, Morris Kessler, was ready to drive him out to the course. Before leaving they were having a bite to eat in a nearby restaurant. In that restaurant Joe received a phone call to come over to Manhattan and pick up a couple of thousand which had just been paid off by a man who had been suspected of holding out on the money lenders. That pleased Joe. He'd run over to New York for a few minutes and then would be on his way to the links. Outside of the restaurant stood the Plymouth sedan Kessler habitually used for local errands. But the big La Salle with the bullet-proof body was in the garage, less than a hundred feet away. Joe walked out of the restaurant with Kessler. He seldom went into the garage when he was dressed immaculately because he didn't like dirt and grease. To Alice, a waitress in the restaurant, he said: "Keep your eye on my golf bag and things. I'll be back shortly."

With Kessler he entered the garage, and there three men stood Joe Amberg and his chauffeur against the wall and let them have it—a Brownsville replica of the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago during prohibition days.

The Dutchman gave his short, snorting laugh when he heard the job had been done. When Frankie Teitelbaum, bosom pal of the dead Joe, heard the tidings he rushed to Pretty Louis, who was grieving no end. After all, Joe had been his brother, but more than that, the Dutchman was getting too tough to be allowed to get away with it. They would have to have a showdown.

Frankie Teitelbaum vowed revenge. He'd get the dogs who got his best pal. He made no secret of his intentions. There was a Tiffany watch he carried, set with seventy-nine diamonds and worth about $1,000. He offered it to several friends to keep for him.

"I may not come back alive," he said, half in earnest and half mockingly. He was pretty sure that his automatic would bark first. But eleven days after his pal Joe had been wiped off the face of the earth, Frankie got his. It was just after he had paid a visit to Pretty Louis in a midtown Manhattan hotel. There Pretty Louis had taken his hand and given it a shake. He admired a man who had the guts to avenge his best friend. Frankie's diamond-studded watch was left with Louis.

They got Frankie and didn't treat him very nicely. A girl friend suggested a drink in a nearby hotel of questionable reputation. There an "entertainment" committee met him. The boys hacked away at him with a small sharp ax while telling him funny stories and then stuffed his body into a trunk which went down the freight elevator of the hotel. The trunk was loaded on to a small delivery truck, and the driver placed it near the rear end of the inclosed chassis. Then the driver at a leisurely pace drove down First Avenue, swung in and out and finally got into South Street, went right past the building housing the offices of two newspapers and under the Manhattan approach of the Brooklyn Bridge, and pushed the trunk off into the street. Then he sped away. When the trunk was opened, Frankie's body was still warm. The Dutchman chuckled. He'd show these punks whether or not he was just a figment of newspaper imagination. They would discover what made him overlord of Manhattan and the Bronx.

Pretty Louis, when he heard of the deed, didn't like it. So Schultz was really going to get tough! All right, he'd show him how tough an Amberg could be. Hadn't he, Pretty Louis, once spit right in the eye of "Legs" Diamond? The newspapers were full of the incident. He'd fight it out for the honor of the Amberg name, and he'd attend

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to the job himself and make all arrangements. Meanwhile, as he sat brooding in his hotel room, he noticed that the maid had been looking into the dresser drawers again. He'd have to tell her to keep her nose out of his private affairs. He thought fondly of the little dancer out in Hollywood who was sending him such sweet letters. The maid was probably getting a kick out of them. Maybe he'd take a flying trip out to Hollywood and see her working in the picture she had contracted to do. But in the meantime he too had a contract to fulfil. He would rub Dutch Schultz out, rub him off the front pages, and good riddance to bad rubbish. Sadly he fingered the watch with the seventy-nine diamonds that Frankie had prevailed upon him to accept. The Dutchman had plenty to answer for.

Through Charles ("Lucky") Luciano and through Johnny Torrio he made the contacts which eventually led him to the headquarters of a Paterson, New Jersey, mob of machine-gun artists. He put the proposition to them, backing it with a thickish flat packet of hundred-dollar bills.

"I want the Dutchman rubbed out and as many of his mob as you can get," Pretty Louis said.

"O. K., pal, we'll do it with pleasure," he was assured. "We'd even do it for nuttin'. We don't like him anyway."

"This is my party, and I don't want you guys to do me any favors," Louis Amberg snorted. "I can pay for it if you boys can deliver the goods."

"We can," he was assured. "But who'll put the finger on the Dutchman? He ain't showing himself these days where we can get at him and make an easy getaway."

"I'll attend to the details," said Pretty Louis.

So they waited for word from him. He went to work right away on it, too, and soon had the date and place of the Dutchman's execution in the bag. He knew that Schultz ate regularly in the Palace Chophouse and went there from his suite in the Robert Treat Hotel. His Newark connections rounded things up nicely for Pretty Louis.

The Dutchman meanwhile was aware that he was handling dynamite and that Louis had to be put out of the way. But he hadn't figured on the Paterson mob, who just plain didn't like him because he had the Newark cops eating out of his hand. Principally they disliked him because he was making his headquarters in their territory and giving the place a bad name. New York punks, they opined, ought to stay in their own back yards and play. After Louis put the dough on the line for them, they felt even more strongly than before that it was their bounden duty to dispatch the Dutchman.

But the Dutchman wasn't asleep. He had paid the boys to get Pretty Louis. And they did, eleven days after Frankie was chopped up and jammed into a trunk. But the boys, the same ones who did the Teitelbaum job, didn't act fast enough. For Louis had handed over the date and hour for the Paterson mob to go into action. He had fingered Schultz for them and also Marty Krompier, who was on Schultz's books as a lieutenant at $1,500 a week. And besides he had paid the balance of the $50,000 fee.

Pretty Louis went to his midtown hotel room, whither he had returned to see if there was any mail from Hollywood addressed to Louis Cohen, as he was known on the hotel register. He found a letter filled with love awaiting him. Again he noticed that the maid had been going through his drawers. So he wrote a note for her and stuck it on the mirror. It said: "Maid—Please keep out of dresser drawers. Only private matters in the dresser drawers." He went out to keep a tryst with a friendly moll who had been compelled to make the telephone call with an automatic pressed to her side. Two well-dressed young men picked him up for a little talk and he knew he was through. They took him to the same hotel used for the other "conference" with Frankie Teitelbaum. They went about their work in cold blood. With a small Boy Scout ax they beat a tattoo on his head, inflicting over a dozen deep cuts; they hacked at his body and watched Pretty Louis die a death of torture. Then they took the blankets from his bed, bound them around the nude body dripping blood, and down the same freight elevator they had taken Teitelbaum they took Louis Amberg. They placed him in a car and headed for Brooklyn. Near the Navy Yard they climbed out of the car, poured five gallons of gasoline over the blanketed body in the rear seat, and set fire to the blankets. The charred body was found after residents called the police and firemen. The fingerprints served to identify it. With a fine sense of justice the killers of Pretty Louis had used the bag method credited to Louis himself as his own diabolic invention.

The police located the rooms in the hotel where Frankie and Louis had met their fates. The blankets wrapped around Louis had come from the old Libby's Hotel on Chrystie Street, and were traced to the hotel in the Times Square area. Everything had been completely changed in the room, the walls were freshly painted, and the floors scraped and revarnished. The police could pin nothing on the hotel.

In the meantime the Paterson mob felt it a solemn duty to carry out their part of the bargain and get Schultz, even if Pretty Louis was dead. There may not be honor among thieves, but killers of big shots are a cut above that stripe. The "fingerman" with a red-headed girl entered the chophouse where the Dutchman held his conferences and ordered some drinks. He suddenly twirled a white-horse ornament from a Scotch whiskey firm on a chain as a signal that the Dutchman and his pals were in the rear. Two men with coat collars turned up and hats pulled down over their eyes entered the room. They walked over to the bartender and said: "Punk, lay down and stay down." They drilled the Dutchman's three henchmen with seventeen shots and then shot Schultz through the abdomen as he tried to get into the washroom. They didn't kill him or his pals instantly, but left them mortally wounded to suffer for a while and ponder over their pasts. In Times Square during the theatrical rush hour several Harlem boys shot Marty Krompier as he emerged from a barbershop at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway. His pal, Sam Gold, a cheap bookie who loved to associate with big shots, was also riddled. They both recovered.

The boys in the know insist that "Bo" Weinberg, last of the Schultz hierarchy, was alive when his boss was plugged. But he, too, went out of a hotel room. They say he was carried out in an undertaker's casket and taken to a garage where there is a big shallow tank. There "Bo's" body lies in a lye solution. In a couple of months not even his teeth will be recognizable. At least that's what the boys are saying. But that's only hearsay.

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After the Elections

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, November 9

THE good fortune of the Democrats is that the elections this year did not fall six weeks earlier. If they had, the results would have pointed to defeat in 1936. In the succeeding six weeks something happened to public feeling in political matters, and the tide against Rooseveltism turned. Just what happened remains a mystery even to the political anatomists. The President, they say, helped himself with his Western tour. Business continued to gain. The Republicans were unable to capitalize, or to personify, the improvement in their own fortunes. They spoke in many voices, none of them really appealing, certainly none of them declaring anything constructive. Six weeks earlier the Democrats might not have won even the slenderest plurality in New York State, might have been close to default in Kentucky, might have been swamped in Philadelphia.

Election analysis falls into two categories, one for private consumption, one for public use. The analysis for public use was spread in the newspapers last week. The Republicans were jubilant, the Democrats equally jubilant, and the newspaper reader could be excused if he believed only what he felt himself. The private analysis, however, is much more instructive. And here the fact is that the Republicans, after counting on Roosevelt's defeating himself as he was doing through most of this year, now know that if he is to be beaten they will have to do it. The only solid comfort they have from the election is the certainty that they have recovered a few of those once Republican strongholds in the East which they lost as recently as 1934. They go into the election next year, not as an army without a base, but as a minority party which has to convert a substantial number of the majority. Compared with the Congressional election of last year, the Republicans, of course, have come back magnificently. What looked like the corpse of a party has begun to breathe again, and there is a great difference between death and life, even if it is a trembling life. But here the magnificence ends.

A few weeks ago the Democrats knew perfectly well that they were heading for defeat. I have heard a story, possibly apocryphal, of a party executive who went to the White House just before the Western trip, and told the President that if the election were to be held that day he would not carry a single state north of the Mason and Dixon line. He left the White House still gloomier than he entered, because the President simply laughed at him. Just how low Roosevelt's popularity had fallen will never be known. Shortly before the election the trend changed, and to such an extent that the Democrats actually counted on doing better than they did in New York, and even thought they might elect a Democratic mayor in Philadelphia. They overestimated the resilience of the President's cause. But they are realistic in describing the result last week as wholly satisfactory. If the election had been for a President, Roosevelt would have won (assuming that any of the current Republican candidates had been nominated), and would have carried New York State and come close even to carrying Pennsylvania. A few months ago Democratic experts in private were conceding defeat in all the Eastern states and most of the West Central states, and counting on a close victory through a sweep of the South and West. A few weeks ago they had to discount this shaky optimism. But now they are back to a safe halfway ground. As matters stand today, the New Deal still has a following in the East, it ought to carry some of the West Central states, and it should have no trouble elsewhere, unless it be in Oregon.

Matters will not stand next year as they do today, and all this prognostication is not conclusive. The President has several chances to improve his position. He also has to avoid the potential pitfalls. The chart of benefits and dangers cannot be drawn as yet. At best it, too, is a conjecture. But it contains several known factors. On the side of possible improvement stands first of all next year's budget. Here the President will do everything within his power to make a showing of economy and curtailed expenditure. Budgets, like statistics, can be forced to prove all kinds of things, and the President will prove by his next budget that the now central accusation of his opponents is false. He will demonstrate that he is not profligate, and that in the light of fairness he has spent effectively and well. The budget will be a first-class campaign document, drawn with every political art. This is said not in scorn; an objective judgment of government spending is rare. The truth, I think, is that the President has not spent enough and that what he has spent has not been pumped into circulation rapidly enough. But what he will say will undoubtedly improve his political status, for he will be able to show that the budget is really on the way to being balanced, and a balanced budget is a growing public concern.

The President also confronts one more major political issue from which he can derive benefit, the bonus. A non-inflationary bonus bill is certain to pass Congress early next year. The President can use it for his own ends. That is, he can sign it or he can veto it. If a bill passes Congress but is not sure of enough votes to pass over a veto, he might find it useful to sign it. If the bill is certain to override a veto, he can veto it, and then have such credit as comes from that act of "courage." All previous bonus bills have passed in this way, and Presidents have gained prestige for refusing to sign.

The catalogue of possible pitfalls is not large, but the pitfalls are treacherous. First among these is the progress of work relief. When Congress passed the four-billion-dollar relief appropriation, it was commonly called the greatest campaign fund in history. Curiously, the Administration has managed to destroy much of its effectiveness in buying votes. Here the President is more vulnerable than at any other point. If the Republicans would stop talking about the Constitution, regimentation, and the budget, and concentrate on unemployment they might win the next election. The most disturbing fact in the Roosevelt era is that a measure of prosperity has been brought back, but that unemployment has not been reduced in a substantial degree. This is infinitely more dangerous than the "destruction" of government credit, no sign of

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which is to be seen on any horizon, or than any abstract danger in national legislation for the control of business. Every effort of the Administration to stimulate reemployment since the first uptake after the calamity of 1933 has been an utter failure. Mr. Ickes has not managed to do it with public works; Mr. Hopkins has been unable to accomplish it by beating Mr. Ickes in the scramble for personal power. Beyond the talents of Mr. Hopkins the President has no visible resources. The problem has him stumped. It does not seem to be true, as charged by the Republican press, that the country voted last week against spending. Dispatches were published to show the rejection of bond issues, as though this had occurred on a national scale. But the PWA reports that in the twenty-two states where PWA projects requiring bond issues were before the voters, ninety-three issues were approved, fourteen rejected, and eight remain in doubt. This does not look as though spending for useful purposes were unpopular. But spending on foolish projects is. And the scale of relief-work wages is. The President might have used his four billions to create an overwhelming body of friendly support, but he has gone about it so ineptly as to create instead an army of sullen, disillusioned opponents. He probably will come out unscathed, however, for the reason that the Republicans have no philosophy of employment, and know even less about the problem than, say, Mr. Ickes and Mr. Hopkins do.

Another treacherous business is going to be the policy toward Europe. If Britain and France will only arrange an early peace with Mussolini they can save the President any amount of trouble. If the war in Africa grows into a war in Europe, he will have to decide which of two horses to ride. At present he is doing a commendable piece of circus horsemanship in riding both. He is for neutrality; he is for partisanship against Italy. The mainspring of American popular thinking on European affairs is prejudice. In this connection be it noted that Father Coughlin is again on the air, the greatest foe of the doctrine of human brotherhood who ever donned a cleric's collar. The isolationists are going to prevail in Congress. And yet it would be extraordinarily perverse of the President to lead the national scramble for the hurricane cellar of complete neutrality. He is responsible for foreign policy, and though not a great foreign expert—as demonstrated in the Russian note and the bomb which wrecked the London economic conference—he has his place in history to think of. Whatever the isolationists in Congress may think, America does have and must continue to have foreign relations, and the President must continue to preserve them. Here I bank on the President having more character than in the bonus issue, which I believe he will handle in the way to get the most votes possible. But I also foresee that if he demonstrates character in foreign affairs, it can run him into very explosive danger. If Europe is embroiled in actual war, I anticipate in this country a great welling over of intermingled national superiority-sense and hatred for Europe. And the President might make a perfectly reasonable step and find himself doomed overnight. But he is a "lucky" President, and his fortune may hold. The war in Africa may end long before it can affect his election prospects.

Another pitfall is the Supreme Court, though I doubt if it has the power to stagger the Administration with another such crushing blow as the NRA decision. The outlawry of the AAA would hurt both the Democrats and Republicans, for they must equally depend on some organized governmental action to increase and maintain farm income. Other Supreme Court decisions could be unpleasant, but hardly to the point of disaster. The President has dropped the constitutional issue as such, not because there is none but because he has the perspicacity to know that it makes poor campaign material.

Forecasting next year's election without knowing the Republican candidate is a one-dimensional calculation. Until lately there was a possibility that a new unknown would swim into the nation's ken, someone with all the merits absent in the existing candidates. The time for such a phenomenon now has passed. The man who will oppose Roosevelt is one of the handful of hopefuls whose aspirations already are familiar to the public. The least familiar of them, Governor Alf Landon, made his first appearance nationally last week at Cleveland, everyone on the edge of his seat to see whether here was the Rescuing Knight. He wasn't. He was a nice man, an attractive man, but not lively or wise. His speech disclosed neither merit nor demerit, sounding as though he feared to say much because of those he might displease. But his fame has gone far. Coolidge grew to glory as the hero of the police strike—which he didn't settle. Alf Landon is the man with the balanced budget. But I am told that in Kansas it is legally impossible to unbalance the budget, just as it is legally impossible for the state to appropriate relief money, and Landon's virtue in this respect is not to be wondered at. He also is a dry, which is not a talking point in the East. Landon, I mean Alf, may still win the nomination. He is no worse, certainly, than Colonel Knox, and probably much better than Fish, Mills, or McNary. But at the moment Senator Vandenberg's chances rate better in Washington. Less can be said against him than against anybody else under consideration. This is a poor recommendation, but it appears to be the best to be found for any of the pack.

Contributors to This Issue

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The British General Election

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, November 2

I

GRANTED the conditions of the party "game," it was, I think, inevitable that Mr. Baldwin should decide upon a November election, and I do not see that he is to be blamed for it. The conditions will never again be so favorable for him. Opinion is absorbed by the international situation and seems, on the whole, to take the government's protestations of fidelity to the League at their face value. Labor finds it difficult, on this issue, to make the plain man see its differences from Mr. Baldwin—they will emerge, grimly enough, later on; and the Liberals will not find it possible to run any large number of candidates this time. The winter unemployment has not yet set in; so that there is not that acerbity over the problem we shall have in the new year. If the cards are played with skill, Mr. Baldwin will get a more comfortable majority than he would be likely to get on any subsequent occasion. I reckon that Labor will come back with some small number over two hundred seats. Six months from now the number might have been up to the 1929 figure.

What is Mr. Baldwin fighting for? Essentially and outstandingly for the right to rearm. Collective security, it is clear, has no meaning in the context of a great power. We make a gesture against Italy at Geneva; we know, of course, that long months must elapse before it has significance, if it ever does. Meanwhile we insist that we shall take no steps which might imply military action—like closing the Suez Canal; and we have ground for hope that some kind of deal may be made with Mussolini which the League will be persuaded to approve. The result will be hailed in Italy as a Fascist victory, and in Geneva as a triumph for the League. The one nation that will pay will be Ethiopia, and no great power will break its heart over that.

The real implication is the lesson Hitler will draw, and the British government proposes to be ready for any challenge arising out of his inferences. It is, of course, already explained that the purpose of rearmament is only to fulfil our obligations under the Covenant, and that we shall be ready to disarm whenever other powers show the same willingness. The truth is that Western Europe and Japan are involved in the old imperialist dilemma of the pre-war years. The stage is being set for a new and vast world conflict. The necessary ethical formulae are now being prepared. Mr. Baldwin wants what Major Atlee has well termed "an undertaker's mandate."

The pill is to be gilded with a mild dose of social reform. There is the promise of some educational measures, including the raising of the school-leaving age, the extension of the pension system to some of the black-coated workers, the unification, whatever that means, of coal royalties, and a more vigorous treatment of housing and the distressed areas. This is intended to be the answer to the progressive criticism that rearmament means the suspension of social reform. To the business man the government promises "stability and confidence" instead of the alarm and even revolution which it predicts would follow on the electoral acceptance of the Labor program.

We need not take the Liberals very seriously. If a score of them are returned, including the Lloyd Georgites, that is, I think, the maximum they will do. The Labor program is, in effect, an insistence upon collective security in international affairs coupled with a detailed and drastic scheme for the reconstruction of social foundations. It provides for adequate defense, but it argues that rearmament will have no result but to take us directly to the abyss. Its major premise as a program is, of course, its insistence that evolutionary socialism can be achieved by a series of new deals within the confines of the parliamentary system.

No one doubts that Labor will win many seats. The miners—who are probably on the eve of a new conflict—will return to their old allegiance and, incidentally, are pretty certain to throw out Mr. MacDonald at Seaham. There will be scores of Labor gains in the industrial areas, especially in London, the north, and the northeast. But I think agricultural and residential England will stay Tory. I think many thousands of voters will fear the lack of "business confidence" a Labor victory would entail. Thousands more will vote for the government because Mr. Eden is a member of it; his procedure at Geneva and the formal vote of the League for sanctions will persuade them that the evil epoch of Sir John Simon is really over and that the Cabinet has had a change of heart about the new internationalism. Mr. Baldwin will emerge with a substantial majority, and the system of competing economic imperialisms will move on relentlessly to its hour of trial.

II

That, at least, is my prediction. I take the view that the Labor Party has thrown away its best weapon by refusing to consider the major premises of its own position. These are its belief in the possibility of wedding economic imperialism to peace and its view of the state as an organ of the community which, transcending class divisions, can transform the postulates of a capitalist society to socialist purposes through Parliament. The electorate, on this basis, is confronted by two parties each of which professes social reform, and it does not take seriously the Labor implication that socialism is the necessary precondition of social reform. It believes profoundly in the good-will of Mr. Baldwin, who is his party's major asset, and in typical British fashion it hopes that somehow we shall muddle through.

But we shall not muddle through in the next decade any more than we muddled through in the decade before 1914. If we want peace, we must organize the conditions of peace. There is no peace possible with the fascist powers determined at all costs to win a new empire to stave off internal discontent. No peace is made possible merely by arming against them. They arm still more, mutual distrusts grow deeper, and in the end there is an explosion. Social reform costs money; it depends upon an expanding market; that market depends upon recovery; and in a permanent and profound way there is no recovery in Britain. The great

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staple trades here—coal, textiles, iron and steel, shipping—tell their own tale. The protected domestic market has greatly helped the home producer, and a minor building boom has done a good deal. But the notion that, in the present juncture of things, capitalism will pay the price of a Labor victory is, I think, sheer illusion unless Labor whittles down its terms as in 1924 and 1929. But upon those conditions a Labor government would be no more worth having than the two previous Labor governments.

In these circumstances I wish the Labor Party, instead of drawing up a noble list of demands, had told the electorate directly that what it wants, whether nationally or internationally, cannot be got without a rapid transformation of the basic principles of our society, that this is a dangerous adventure since it is at least possible that capitalists will fight rather than give way, but that if capitalists are left in charge they will drag the world into the abyss once more and a new dark age will supervene. There are men of eminence and influence in the Labor Party who take this view. But the main bulk of the party does not share it; especially the trade unionists do not share it. They stand absolutely by their faith in "democracy." They compare their conditions with those in Germany and Italy, and they assume that it is simply folly to risk any threat to "democracy."

What I think they fail to see is that they only retain "democracy" upon the saving condition that they do not threaten its foundation in capitalism. They have the same attitude to fascism abroad that the German Democrats before Hitler had to Italy; "it cannot happen here." One day the parliamentary system will win them a majority; then they will proceed to change the face of things. As they will have a majority when this occurs, capitalists will accept defeat—the capitalists who own the press, who control the banks and the Stock Exchange, whose class dominates the armed forces, who are the House of Lords, who can produce a panic, as 1931 showed, overnight before which millions of the little men will tremble. Mr. Redmond thought he could get Home Rule that way in 1914. He forgot Sir Edward Carson; he forgot the vital fact that men who have privileges to defend will fight for them if they think they can win. I see no evidence to suggest that, in this regard, the capitalist class in Great Britain is different from its analogue elsewhere. Nothing, certainly, that is happening in America persuades me that people with a long experience of capitalist democracy will, when the votes have been counted, quietly acquiesce in the surrender of capitalism to democracy.

The Labor answer to this is, on the international side, that Russia now shares their view, and Russia, internally, is coming more and more to realize the value of democracy. Put baldly like this, the view here urged is unrealistic. Russia, from its angle wisely, uses the League for all it is worth. The League extends the breathing space Russia needs. But Russia does not delude itself into believing that the League can do more than postpone war; meanwhile it arms. In the matter of democracy Russia, having set the common ownership of the means of production as the postulate of its society, has reached a stage of economic development where it is prepared to experiment with a political democracy set in the framework of that postulate. But it is not willing to risk any institutional change which challenges it. And its statesmen would deny, in my view rightly, that in matters of fundamental social constitution bourgeois democracy—especially in its phase of contraction—is in any meaningful sense democracy at all. Of course it is infinitely better than the fascist state. Of course also, as against that state, it is worth fighting for. But the problem the Socialist in Great Britain confronts is whether bourgeois democracy would survive if the citizens voted for socialist experiments. If the peace is preserved, we shall probably get an answer to that problem. But if the peace is not preserved?

Anyway, for the next three or four years Mr. Baldwin will be in command. They will be gravely critical years. French democracy trembles in the balance. German fascism is hungry for victories. Italian fascism, being nearly bankrupt, must press down its workers even farther. Japanese imperialism will pursue its relentless way in China. Frankly, in this kind of epoch I do not believe that Mr. Baldwin, with the best of intentions, will be allowed by British capitalism to inaugurate an era of great social reforms. Granted the situation of British capitalism, the materials for its advent are simply not there. After the election the people will be told so with increasing candor. The trade unions will learn that butter on their bread comes from capitalism in prosperity, not from capitalism in crisis. They will be told not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. I predict with confidence that the next Baldwin government will teach British Labor lessons of great import.

Correspondence

"Squaring the Circle"

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. Krutch's review of Kataev's farce, "Squaring the Circle," proves to me that it is possible even for a critic of his caliber to be taken in by intellectually dishonest translators and producers. Had Mr. Krutch been aware that he was witnessing a spurious and garbled version of the play, that the speeches he quotes are not to be found in Kataev's script but have been added by either the translators or the producers, that the production he saw was as remote from the original as Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is from Shakespeare's, he would have reached an entirely different conclusion. I realize that I am making serious charges against those responsible for the New York production of the play, but I am basing them on facts.

I produced the same play in Los Angeles in March, 1934, using my own translation from the Russian script. This Russian script is still in my possession, and I shall be glad to send it to the editors of *The Nation* for verification, if they so desire. With the exception of the quotation, "Why does everything turn out unethical when it feels so ethical?" every speech quoted by Mr. Krutch is something Kataev had nothing to do with, and has obviously been added with the malicious intent of casting reflections upon the great cultural and industrial progress in the Soviet Union. Even *Variety,* in reviewing the play as staged in Philadelphia, stated that it had been doctored to suit Broadway.

No wonder the balcony booed. It only proves that the people up there are more sensitive and more alert than those in the orchestra, that they will not sit by calmly and applaud the raping of such a fine and sparkling play as "Squaring the Circle."

Los Angeles, October 22 Herman Brownstein

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Not for Consumers

To the Editors of The Nation:

I was interested in your article on water-repellents on furs in the November 6 issue of *The Nation*. I fear that you have probably been misled by some of the things I have written about water-repellents because you have failed to understand that I write from the trade angle, not the consumer angle.

Your article implies that water-repellents are not of much consequence because they "can be applied only to furs which no one has ever before noticed were adversely affected by rain." This is not quite accurate. Furs are affected by rain, which causes them to mat if they are long-haired. The real danger lies in careless drying of the fur after it is wet. Water-repellents do keep the water off to a great extent. If you had said that very few women get their fur coats wet enough to warrant their being made water-repellent, I don't think anyone could have had any quarrel with you. If you had said that the fur trade itself is none too sure that the process may not be harmful to furs, I don't think anyone could have said anything.

You see, the main reason that the process is only of promotional value to the fur trade is that there is no money in it for the furrier. He must depend upon his revenue from whatever additional repair or remodeling business he may get as a result of inducing a woman to use the process. That is why I said the promotional feature was primary, and the actual value of the process only secondary.

New York, November 10 Herman Friedlander,
Fur Editor, *Women's Wear Daily*

The Case for the Progressive Miners

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your article in your issue of October 9, An Industrial Union Victory, telling of the wonderful victory of the United Mine Workers in having obtained an alleged pay increase of $90,000,000 for the miners of the country comes as something of a surprise. *The Nation* usually gets its facts pretty well established but not in this case.

First of all, the miners have been operating under the principle of industrial unionism for thirty-five years, and the right to organize on this basis has been recognized by the officialdom of the A. F. of L. for about that same period. Secondly, the increase of fifty cents a day granted the United Mine Workers is exactly one-fifth of the amount Lewis gave away a few years ago when the rate was reduced from $7.50 for an eight-hour day to the present $5.50. If this can be construed as a victory, the miners haven't found it out.

If the present increase means $90,000,000 to the miners, then when they lost the former wage of $7.50, they lost five times that amount. This wage was taken without the miners' consent, engineered by a few labor racketeers. The miners in Illinois have for years exercised the right of voting on the acceptance or rejection of a contract. That right has been autocratically abolished. When the referendum ballot was taken some time ago, agents of Lewis stole the ballot box and a contract was signed by Lewis without the miners' knowledge.

The chief requirement of Lewis and company is that the coal companies should check off the union dues. In this Illinois district there are two unions now functioning. One, headed by Lewis, is a strictly company union; the other is an opposition movement called the Progressive Miners. Before miners may obtain employment in many mines they must agree to join the Lewis union. The result of this dual movement is a record of some forty lives lost in the battles, and the end is not yet. The Peabody Coal Company has spent more than a million dollars fighting the Progressive Miners and seems to think the money well spent. Many other companies have duplicated this record. The company union has imported strike-breakers from many parts of the country to take the places of men who insist on their right to belong to the union they choose. The state has spent a million dollars in furnishing the companies protection for their strike-breakers.

The real reason for the recent increase in wages was to head off the more progressive groups from demanding the former wage that Lewis took away from the miners. It was cheaper to grant fifty cents a day than restore the $2.50 the newer unions were demanding. The miners were jobbed again.

Springfield, Ill., October 10 Duncan McDonald

The Teachers' Union

To the Editors of The Nation:

In *The Nation* for October 9 is an article by Dr. Lefkowitz on The Crisis in the Teachers' Union. The subhead is The Case for the Union, by Dr. Lefkowitz.

This subhead is misleading since Dr. Lefkowitz has resigned from the union (affiliated with the A. F. of T. and the A. F. of L.) and hence cannot speak for it. It would have been more correct to have had as a subhead The Case for the Teachers' Guild. The answer could have been headed The Case for the Union.

New York, October 10 Charles J. Hendley,
Acting President, Teachers' Union

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Labor and Industry

Illinois Miners Work for Unity

By JAMES P. MITCHELL

THE success of the four-day bituminous coal strike has completely changed the face of the union situation for the Illinois coal miners. One of its most significant results will probably be the unity of the coal miners in the United Mine Workers of America. There is every possibility that before many weeks the Progressive Miners of America will have ended the dual unionism which has divided Illinois miners since the militant but incomplete upsurge of 1933, when the rebel organization was formed in the midst of official thuggery.

John L. Lewis carried through the negotiations that won for the miners what amounts to a 10 per cent increase both in tonnage and in daily rates. Some 400,000 miners went out on strike for a gain which, although it met only halfway the demand for $6 a day and a six-day week, meant a great deal to miners who must support a family on from $200 to $600 a year. Lewis strengthened his position by his advocacy of industrial unionism at the A. F. of L. convention. Pictured for years as a faker and traitor, he nevertheless represents at this stage the progressive forces of labor, and personal attacks on him can only aid a far more reactionary and treacherous bureaucracy.

The top officials in the Progressive Miners of America, some of whom aped Lewis's method and are now engaged in a desperate effort to retain power and the payroll, called the strike a fake and used every means to keep the progressives from striking with the U. M. W. A., but about 2,000 went out at El Dorado, Harrisburg, and other places. At Pekin the two unions held joint strike meetings. The "big local," Number 1, at Benld and Gillespie, failed to take strike action by the narrowest of margins. In Franklin County, where the blacklisted miners of the P. M. of A. are realizing more clearly every day that to maintain even their standing on the relief rolls they must have the backing of working miners (in their case U. M. W. A. members), a conference has been held which will be the first direct step to organizational unity. There are about 14,400 working P. M. of A. miners left; their officials have kept their hold by exploiting their deep loyalty to the striking miners (they have been on strike in theory since 1933; as one of them said, "I have heard of Trotzky's idea of a permanent revolution but I never heard of a permanent strike before") and the hatred of the progressives for Lewis and the United Mine Workers of America. But the epithet "fake" makes little impression on miners who know of the solidarity of 400,000 other miners and its result in a 10 per cent increase. Even the wagon miners of Williamson County won a big gain over the unbelievable figure of 29 cents a ton for which many of them slaved before the strike. The U. M. W. A. has sent out repeated calls for the return of the progressives under conditions which involve no discrimination against them. The Communist Party has appealed for organizational unity in the U. M. W. A., and its influence is great, in spite of its small numbers. Miners respect its program even when they regard membership as "a ticket to jail" in a region where there are no civil liberties, where, as the miners say, "there's no law; it's the rule of gun and club."

In the central field, especially in Macoupin County, which the progressives' contracts with the Superior Coal Company, subsidiary of the Northwestern Railroad, make the stronghold of the P. M. of A. (since the local is by far the largest payer of dues), there is increasing recognition that the best service the working progressive miners can do for themselves at this stage, as well as for their blacklisted brothers, of whom about 4,000 remain in the dual union of the 13,000 blacklisted in 1933, is to return to the U. M. W. A. Miners from the south agree with them. The *Progressive Miner*, organ of the leadership, has lost much of its influence among the miners because of its defense of Hearst and other fascists and by calling the strike a fake. Keck, the president of the P. M. of A., is caught between his own maneuvers and the demand of the progressives for the unity which would weld the miners of America into a solid industrial union. For some time it has been clear that the P. M. of A. was bound to return to the United Mine Workers, as a unit with strength or piece by piece with consequent weakness, even though this meant overcoming the hatred which made some of them say, while working during the recent strike, that they were getting their revenge—that since the U. M. W. A. had scabbed on them, they would enjoy scabbing in turn. Their return to the U. M. W. A. will end the conflict in which 14,400 miners have been played off against 400,000 to the loss of both sides, and will establish solidarity in America's largest industrial union. Within the U. M. W. A. they can achieve democratic control and play a truly progressive role in the coal miners' struggles.

Facts for Consumers

SEIZURES of food thought to be unfit for market may be made ordinarily only after goods have been shipped in interstate commerce; Section 10-a of the Food and Drugs Act adopted by Congress in 1934 established a new method of supervisory control in sea-food packing plants which is a decided improvement over the old stupid procedure. Now this amendment has itself been amended to make additional funds available to the administration for the salaries of inspectors. This little publicized legislation is significant because it indicates that the administration will use its new power to prevent bad food from getting into the market.

Upon the application of any shrimp packer (accompanied by the proper fee), the Department of Agriculture under Section 10-a will assign supervisory inspectors who will check production from the fishing boats to the final sealing of the cans, and authorize the packer to print on his labels the legend "Production Supervised by U. S. Food and Drug Administration." During the last packing season, which ended in June, twenty-three packers were so labeling their products. The label is thus not only an indication of the wholesomeness of the product but also of the freshness of the pack.

Eventually the inspection service will be available to packers of all sea food and if eminently successful may be extended to include other products. It is now restricted to the packers of that purported table delicacy, the little shrimp, and in fact was enacted because of the scandalous conditions in the indus-

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try. In his last annual report W. G. Campbell, Chief of the Food and Drug Administration, reported that in the output of fifty-nine packers, that of twenty-six was found to be partially decomposed, putrid, or otherwise unfit for human consumption.

Within the last year shipments of the following brands were seized for violations of the Food and Drugs Act:

Brand	*Packer*	*Distributor*
Au Gourmet Brand Large Fancy Wet Shrimp	Atlantic Sea Food Packers	Meyer and Lange, New York
White Villa Fancy Shrimp	Dorgan - McPhillips Packing Corporation	Cincinnati Wholesale Grocery Company
Dunbar Brand Small Salad Shrimp	Dunbar-Dukate Company	
Mallory's Brand Fancy Wet Shrimp	Gulf Coast Canneries	Pratt-Mallory Company, Sioux City, Iowa
St. John's Brand Fancy Shrimp Dry Pack (3 seizures)	Nassau Sound Packing Company	
Florida Chief Brand Nassau Shrimp	Nassau Packing Company	
Bayou Rose Brand Shrimp	Henry J. Pitre	
White Rose Shrimp	J. A. Smith	Seeman Brothers New York
Palm Brand Shrimp		Southern Shell Fish Company
Blue Plate Shor-Pak Shrimp		Wesson Oil and Snowdrift Sales Company

* * *

MANUFACTURERS of preparations sold as cure-alls for rashes, eczema, blackheads, and other skin troubles will probably scan their advertising and labels more closely because of recent action taken by the Federal Trade Commission.

Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., has agreed to cease asserting that the facial cream Delv is the result of years spent in searching for an ingredient to duplicate the natural oils of the skin and that the unhealthy functioning of an oily skin will be corrected through daily use of Delv.

The Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, manufacturers of Cuticura soap and Cuticura ointment, have entered into an agreement to discontinue representations that either product is a germicide or that it is a competent or effective treatment for psoriasis, rash, pimples, ringworm, or skin troubles unless the assertion is limited to palliative relief through external treatment.

The Noxzema Chemical Company has agreed to cease asserting that its cream is a remedy for any disease of the skin unless the assertion is limited to the effect of a palliative to relieve burning, itching, or irritation. It will also stop advertising that its cream is the "only" thoroughly tested sunburn remedy.

The Rejuvene Manufacturing Company has agreed to discontinue allegations that their preparation, Rejuvene, is composed of healthful or beautifying herbs or that it will "normalize" the skin and keep it in a healthy condition.

Kleerplex products will discontinue the statements that Kleerplex "gets at the cause" of skin afflictions and "penetrates" the skin.

The Poslam Company will cease and desist from representing that Poslam is a competent treatment for eczema and other skin ailments, and will discontinue the sale of "concentrated" Poslam until this ointment is actually concentrated.

* * *

THE old NRA code of the preserve industry gets the credit for the new labeling requirements for substandard jams and preserves. Under the standards of the code, preserves made from less than forty-five but more than twenty-five

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pounds of fruit to each fifty-five pounds of sugar were supposed to be labeled as imitations. The Food and Drug Administration will now enforce the NRA rule. An example of labeling that meets the requirements is "Imitation Strawberry Preserve. Prepared from thirty-five parts fruit to fifty-five parts sugar with added pectin solution. Not concentrated." Artificial coloring or added fruit acid must also be indicated.

* * * * *

AN about-face has been neatly executed by the American Association of Medical Milk Commissions, Inc., the governing body of certified-milk producers. After years of touting the superiority of pure raw milk over milk that has been pasteurized, it has now voted that producers who so desire may pasteurize their output. By making the pasteurization permissive, it is expected that the change can be made gradually. Certified milk which is pasteurized is so labeled. The rules and regulations under which certified milk is produced are otherwise unchanged. The certified-milk producers are now building a sales story around the purity of their product.

* * * * *

THE National Authority for the Ladies' Handbag Industry, successor of the code authority, is among the first to issue "Security Labels" to indicate that the articles tagged have been manufactured in accordance with "fair"—as established by the industry—labor standards and trade practices. The National Authority will police the industry with the assistance of the Federal Trade Commission. In a six weeks' period 2,750,000 labels were issued, approximately 2,000 fewer than were sold during a similar period of the NRA.

* * * * *

THE preliminaries of the big fight for effective food and drug legislation scheduled for Washington early in the new year were fought in New York City during the past month. The drug interests won an overwhelming victory. An amendment to the municipal sanitary code had been proposed to provide for the establishment of a Bureau of Drugs and Cosmetics with a budget and staff adequate to enforce a twenty-year-old law originally intended to protect the consumer against dangerous and misrepresented drug products. The code now requires registration of patent medicines; the proposed change would have extended the registration provisions to include cosmetics and would have established an initial registration fee of $25 and an annual renewal fee of $10. Funds were to be used to enforce the drug and cosmetic sections of the code.

Consumers as well as medicine men looked upon the proposed amendment as a test case, and the drug lobby swung into action. It has now obtained an indefinite postponement of the public hearing, scheduled for December 2, on the promise to Mayor La Guardia that it will support federal legislation for the regulation of the drug and cosmetic industries. The Mayor, according to the New York *Times*, "emphasized the duty of city officials to protect the public from spurious and harmful preparations, but said it should be possible to show some consideration to the drug industry. He said he did not wish to be unreasonable with the industry or the advertising agencies, but he did want to protect the health of New Yorkers."

The industry's show of consternation over the effect of the registration charges on its balance sheets appears unnecessary. Total retail sales of drugs and cosmetics in New York City in 1934 amounted to $47,000,000. The industry spent approximately 37 per cent of retail sales for consumer advertising, according to the estimate of the Advertising Research Foundation. Obviously, it was not the registration fees to which the industry objected but the penalties involved in the legislation.

RUTH BRINDZE

[*Miss Brindze's page of Facts for Consumers appears fortnightly.*]

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Our Critics, Right or Wrong. III.

By MARY McCARTHY and MARGARET MARSHALL

AS cohesive as the little fellowship of *Herald Tribune* book reviewers is the group of critics who mete out opinions in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Their club is the Book of the Month Club; their leader, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby. Dr. Canby, Christopher Morley, and William Rose Benét star in the performances; Elmer Davis and Amy Loveman head their supporting cast, which includes Ernest Sutherland Bates, Leonard Bacon, Basil Davenport, George Stevens, Ben Ray Redman, Grace Frank, Gladys Graham, and others. These critics have had little traffic with crusading anti-intellectualism. A good writer will always elicit from Dr. Canby a respectful if uncomprehending tribute—just as soon as a less publicized but more intellectual critic has brought him to his attention. In no sense, however, could Dr. Canby be termed a pathfinder; both he and Mr. Benét are a little slow on the pick-up. According to John Farrar of the old *Bookman,* who had it from Mitchell Kennerley of the *Forum,* Dr. Canby, "later one of Miss Millay's warmest admirers, rejected many of her poems when he was on the *Yale Review*,* and . . . the usually discriminating W. R. Benét, when he was associate editor of *Century,* returned one of her best sonnets with the comment that he was sorry he could not use it, because there were some good lines in it." In 1925 the "discriminating" Mr. Benét, in the midst of his ecstasies over forgotten poets of that year, had this (for him) niggardly word for "Tamar":

> We read "Tamar," which received such acclaim from certain critics, and there is no doubt that Mr. Jeffers has range and power. "Tamar" we thought congested. Mr. Jeffers seeks always for electrifying subjects, and, in our opinion, handles them splashily, with too much sound and fury, often signifying very little. We cannot see his genius, his derivations seem to us too obvious.

But in 1932 he declared that the characters of Thurso's Landing had "almost epic proportions," and the epithet "genius" fell easily from his pen. Eventually these critics pay their respects even if, now and again, they make the ludicrous mistake of doffing their hats in surprised, belated acknowledgment of a literary figure already in his decline. Still, they generally know a good book when they see it. Unfortunately, they have difficulty in recognizing a bad one. These *Saturday Review* critics are the great levelers. For more than ten years they have been occupied in reducing the mountainous land of literature to a smooth, horizontal surface. Their readers have been taught that Thornton Wilder writes as well as Madame de Sévigné, that Don Marquis is "our own indigenous Voltaire," that Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left" is as good as or better than Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer." Dr. Canby will write a long obtuse review of Faulkner's "Sanctuary," in the course of which he makes but one critical discovery: "In 'Sanctuary' I believe that sadism, if not anti-romance, has reached its American peak"; but, facing Dorothy Parker's "Death and Taxes," he is less confused and less guarded.

> In verse of a Horatian lightness with an exquisite certainty of technique, which, like the luster on a Persian bowl, is proof that civilization itself is a philosophy, Dorothy Parker is writing poetry deserving high praise. If I compare her to Horace and Martial, I do so largely, since I am no Latinist, and can better describe the perfection of her admirable lyrics by a comparison with the almost forgotten humorist Thomas Hood, who had a gift of beauty second only to his contemporary, Keats.... Dorothy Parker has, it seems to me, perfected his art.... Yet I suspect that one should quote Latin rather than English to parallel the edged fineness of Dorothy Parker. This *belle dame sans merci* has the ruthlessness of the great tragic lyricists. . . . I attempt no real criticism here, but I do assert that these poems deserve criticism and appraisal far more than many much-bewritten books of more pretentious cerebration, yet with less beauty of technique, and far less depth of emotion.

Quite rightly Dr. Canby is apologetic. He is the editor and spokesman of an important literary periodical, yet he attempts no real criticism. Literature stirs in him simply a number of vague, often undocumented associative thought processes. He is like an old gentleman wandering down a strange street who sees in the faces that pass only flickering resemblances to a dead brother-in-law or a long-forgotten second cousin. Anita Loos's style, for example, is to Dr. Canby not an individual matter, capable of dissection on its own terms; it is "a hard-boiled Broadway version of Voltaire in 'Candide.'" Whenever he turns from foggy reminiscence to active criticism, his judgments are old-fashioned-American, moral and personal, not aesthetic. He likes books to be wholesome, and he finds that the characters in "The Sun Also Rises" are "lovable but futile revelers," "restless, witty youngsters." He assures his public that "Brave New World" is "excellent reading for those not too easily shocked." In the same spirit he disliked John O'Hara's "Appointment in Samarra," not because it was a bad novel, but because its heavy dose of sex offended his moral sensibilities.

Dr. Canby's homely, fireside attitude toward literature has been infectious. Christopher Morley, perhaps, has always had it. He sings the poems of William Blake in his bath, or so he tells his readers in a moment of intimacy. He liked "Gallows' Orchard" because it was "truer and closer to your mind than the morning newspaper." Later, applauding "Grand Hotel" for Book of the Month Club readers, he assured them that it was "a Grimm for grown-ups." William Rose Benét has the same attitude, but to a lesser degree. His column, "The Phoenix Nest," is conducted in a half-coy, half-intimate manner. "Manhattan Transfer" he called "a gorgeous goulash of New York." While Morley "adored" "Dusty Answer," Benét had the self-control merely to "admire intensely" "The Lover," by Naomi Royde-Smith.

While Burton Rascoe and his satellites on *Herald Tribune Books* have been busily engaged in turning literature into merchandising, the staff members of the *Saturday Review*

* Dr. Canby, who received an advance proof of this article, states that he fought vigorously for the acceptance of Miss Millay's poems, but that a more conservative editor on the *Yale Review* defeated him. Mr. Kennerley did not receive an advance proof.

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have been reducing it to a kind of refined parlor game. They toss the newest novel back and forth between them. Canby is benevolent, genteel, a little pompous; Morley, elfin; Miss Loveman, delicate; Benét, hearty and boisterous. Like the *Herald Tribune* reviewers, they are all very fond of one another. They gossip back and forth through their columns; they approve of one another's work; they write amusing little editorials about the quaint personal habits of each member of their staff. In a nice way they have a lot of fun with literature, treating it gently, gingerly, playfully, and yet somehow possessively.

Meanwhile, in the course of this cultural game for grown-ups, the leveling process continues. Morley sings the poems of Blake in his bathtub, but he also finds that Rosamond Lehmann is "a superb and reckless artist in any scale and measure." "Gallows' Orchard," he believes, begins where Stevenson left off. To Benét's way of thinking, a novelist named Harvey O'Higgins is "one of the most penetrating psychological writers of our time," and Louis Untermeyer "occupies the place of a Heine in American poetry." Benét admires Liam O'Flaherty, but he also imagines that "The Son of the Grand Eunuch," by Charles Pettit, "approaches being as amusing as Voltaire and as cruel as China." To him "The Tattooed Countess" "may have qualities of permanence as a work of art," and the characters of "The Journey of the Flame" "stand out as humanly as the characters of Chaucer." Stepping down a rung on the *Saturday Review's* editorial ladder, we find that Amy Loveman, who frequently "suspects" that novels are "subtle" or "delicate," or "shot through with beauty," insists that "Red Sky at Morning" "proves beyond a doubt that Miss [Margaret] Kennedy's talent . . . was no mere momentary flash, but a distinguished ability of which much must be expected."

The *Saturday Review's* contributors lack the "personality" with which its editors have endowed themselves, but they too are frequently preoccupied with whittling the great names down to the size of the small. Ernest Sutherland Bates described "Flamingo" in this fashion:

> Mary Borden, in a word, is distinctly a major writer. In her intellectual energy she reminds one a little of H. G. Wells, if one can imagine an H. G. Wells without arrogance or special pleading.

Treating a novel called "Ryder," by Djuna Barnes, he declares that the author is "like Joyce, though, of course, with far less erudition." Yet he goes on to assert that her personality ". . . is far more unified than his and far more virile." When "Wolf Solent" appeared he drew this startling picture of its author:

> Mr. Powys . . . is by turn an Emily Brontë, a wild creature of the heath; a subtle, introspective Proust; a nature-enthralled Wordsworth; a Poe, journeying in deliberate search of horror; a Dostoevski shaking with the mystic fever; even, at rare moments—Shakespeare, hurling the ultimate dramatic word.

Basil Davenport is no better. "Grand Hotel" moved him to say: "There is in the book . . . an attitude to life that will set the reader reexamining philosophies." Elmer Davis, who is better known, let himself go on "Atmosphere of Love," by André Maurois:

> He has the Tolstoyan gift of making his characters not only more interesting but more real than living people. . . . You must go back to Stendhal to find so painstaking an analysis of the causes and the workings of love and jealousy; but Maurois has digested Stendhal as Einstein digested Newton, and gone beyond him.

The lady reviewers, Grace Frank and Gladys Graham, whose lyrical prose is modeled on Miss Loveman's, also follow the critical pattern of the *Saturday Review*. Miss Frank declares that Norah Hoult, the author of "Poor Women," ". . . belongs in the honorable company of La Bruyère and Addison, not to mention old Theophrastus," and that the heroine of Rosamond Lehmann's "A Note in Music" belongs with such heroines as Emma Bovary, Adrienne Mesurat, Carol Kennicott, and Lulu Bett. To Miss Graham a novelist named Vere Hutchinson ". . . is a creator of character who may be mentioned with Sheila Kaye-Smith at her best; with Thomas Hardy."

Such non-selective criticism as this has for the last ten years made its home in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It is therefore rather surprising to find the *Saturday Review* printing, in all apparent seriousness, an occasional editorial damning the ineptitude, the superficiality, the venality of the book-reviewing trade, pleading wistfully and earnestly for better criticism. In the same way it is amusing to discover Elmer Davis, a favorite son of the *Saturday Review*, condescending to the English critics.

> Some misguided humorist has described this fine novel ["Love on the Dole"] on the jacket as one which has "shaken the English reviewers from their Olympian calm." American book buyers must know by now that English reviewers can be knocked over with a feather. . . .

The joke would seem to be on him.

Like the other sections of the New York *Times* the *Book Review* presumably aims at complete coverage and strict impartiality. It treats books primarily as news; its editor, J. Donald Adams, is a newspaperman rather than a literary man of long experience; its reviews are in the nature of reports; and in general it seems to be more interested in books dealing with general questions than in purely literary productions. Unlike *Books*, it seldom seeks reviewers with big names to pass judgment on the latest event in the book world. Mr. Adams takes the assignment himself or gives it to P. W. Wilson, R. L. Duffus, Percy Hutchison, or some other regular reviewer on the assumption that, allowing for minor degrees of specialization, a good reporter can "cover" any story from a fire in the Bronx to the latest novel by Sinclair Lewis.

The *Book Review* is to be judged then primarily as a newspaper about books, even though its reviewers have literary opinions which they do not hesitate to express and which for the most part differ little either in quality or in kind from those of the more "literary" critics whose names adorn the pages of *Books* or the *Saturday Review*. The *Book Review* fulfils its aim of coverage. It not only reviews a great number of books; with relentless thoroughness it also relates plots or describes contents. In the matter of impartiality, however, it falls far short of the much-vaunted fairness of the *Times*.

As one section of the *Times* the *Book Review* has 770,000 readers. A front-page favorable notice in the *Book Review*, if the publishers are to be believed, can make a book a best-seller overnight. As its editor, J. Donald Adams therefore exerts great influence, not only on the sales of books and on literary taste, but also on public opinion about important

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The authors are not only husband and wife (and parents) but they have also been closely associated in their professional work. Dr. Hannah Stone has for the past ten years been associated with Margaret Sanger as Director of the Birth Control Clinic of New York. Dr. Abraham Stone was formerly an instructor in urology at the Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital and is now a staff physician and Adjunct Urologist with the Sydenham Hospital in New York. He has lectured on social and biological problems of sex and reproduction before numerous medical and non-professional audiences.

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questions as they are presented in book form; and his preferences and point of view become important far beyond the bounds of the literary world.

Mr. Adams's preferences in literature are perhaps best revealed in his unqualified, lyrical praise of "The Book of Talbot," by Violet Clifton, and "American Song," by Paul Engle. The first he set down as a "remarkable book" having "the quality of an epic poem" and "touched a hundred times with beauty . . ." His joy in the high romanticism of Miss Clifton was matched by his delight in the Americanism of Paul Engle.

> This is a heartening book. . . . Rarely is a first book of poetry reviewed on the front page of this section . . . but Paul Engle's "American Song" has a natural title to that place. . . . "The American dream," for Paul Engle, is not dead. [He asserts that Engle achieves density and depth without the sacrifice of clarity.] Here again his work is marked off from that of the poets of the twenties, and here lies what seems to me to be his superiority to such a poet, for example, as Hart Crane.

On the other hand, "Journey to the End of the Night" disgusted him. "Most readers," he wrote, "will find it a revolting book. . . . If this is life then it is better not to live." Given Mr. Adams's preference for high romance and resurgent Americanism and his dislike of realism, it is not surprising to find him making these comments in a review of "Exile's Return," by Malcolm Cowley:

> They [the exiles] were taken in by the "religion of art" and now they are taken in by the religion of Leninism. . . . What is it the workers have won in Russia: the right to be slaves in a regimented state, to enjoy a standard of living below that they enjoyed before the war? [He quotes a poem by Mr. Cowley and remarks:] A man who can write lines as good as these should not be wasting himself in the promotion of class warfare and its concomitant hatreds.

Mr. Adams, then, loves romance, freedom, beauty; he hates dirty words, class warfare, and dictatorships. His hatred for the Soviet dictatorship in particular is so violent that it dominates the editorial policy of the *Book Review*. Mr. Adams's obsession is too well known to require extended proof here. It is sufficient to cite the latest exhibit, his review, on October 20, of Sinclair Lewis's most recent novel. Mr. Adams was interested in the book not as a novel—he set down its merits in that respect as "inconsiderable"—but as "prophecy," that is, as news. Here are excerpts:

> The inhumanities which have been practiced in the name of the state in the Soviets and Germany are repeated here. . . . Doremus . . . himself was to be beaten with steel rods, dosed with huge quantities of castor oil, and sent to a prison camp.
>
> . . . aside from those characteristics common to all dictatorships, whether Communist or Fascist or Nazi, Mr. Lewis's Corpo regime bears a closer resemblance to Stalin's in the caliber of some of its personnel than would appear likely under an American fascism. It seems more than a little unlikely that a stupid lout like Shad Ledue could so easily jump to a position of authority and influence; a clever lout, yes, but not a stupid one, with no blind worship of the proletarian, as such, to carry him up on the crest of the wave.
>
> . . . it may occur to you that Mr. Lewis is one of the last strongholds of decency of speech on the printed page. Even in the prison camp, his roughneck guards . . . are permitted no more than a couple of blanks. And no matter what you feel about that, his book is, I repeat, —— —— exciting.

In the course of one review, which was read by three-quarters of a million people, Mr. Adams managed to put the German, Italian, and Russian dictatorships into one "castor-oil" category, imply that the Soviet regime is fascist and that "some of its personnel" are stupid louts, come out for human liberty, condescend to the proletarian, "as such," and put in a word for clean language in concentration camps.

In 1920 the New York *Times* as a result of widespread criticism sent Walter Duranty to Moscow, where he spent some years expiating the sins of the previous *Times* correspondents, whose impartiality on this subject resembled that of Mr. Adams. Mr. Duranty's literary counterpart is long overdue in the *Book Review*.

Lack of space prevents examination of the numerous writers who contribute regularly to the *Book Review*, but no comment on that thick and dignified compendium would be complete without at least a reference to Mr. Percy Hutchison, one of its most important contributors in terms of space. Mr. Hutchison, like Mr. Adams, leans toward the wholesome in literature. He loves poetry, especially lyric poetry, of which he reviews an inordinate amount. His particular quality as a reviewer is revealed not so much in the opinions he expresses, which are often revealing enough, as in his mode of expressing them. A few samples will serve:

> To call him [James Joyce] the stormy petrel of the novel is far too inadequate a figure of speech. Joyce in "Ulysses" is the arch Bolshevik of the novel. . . . Despite the fact that there is more than one chapter of Gargantuan humor, that the characters seem at times to be drawn with all the broad humanity of Chaucer's pen, that the ironic picture of man's subconscious mind is bitingly true, the work as a whole is a futile performance. At the close one can only throw up one's hands and exclaim: "Heaven defend us from the novel if the art of the novel is to become like that."
>
> Seldom except in the work of Keats [he wrote in reviewing Frances Frost's "Woman of This Earth"] . . . have we met with such determination on perfection. . . . American poetry . . . has received no single contribution more distinguished than this. . . . "Woman of This Earth" rises to major heights.

In reviewing H. W. Freeman's "Joseph and His Brethren," Mr. Hutchison got into a labyrinth of comparison that should stand as a warning to all reviewers.

> [He presents] a just claim to a place in the long line of English succession that began with Fielding. . . . "Joseph and His Brethren" is like Hardy's masterpieces, a tale of the land. . . . Inevitably comparisons suggest themselves between the work of Mr. Freeman and that of Hardy, Knut Hamsun, and . . . T. F. Powys. . . . The real protagonist . . . is the land itself. In this Freeman at once relates more closely to Hamsun than to either Hardy or Powys. It also suggests intellectual affinity between Freeman and O. E. Rolvaag. . . . Thomas Hardy was interested in the land chiefly for the men and women it bred, which tends to contrast him with Freeman. And least of all does Theodore Powys resemble the author of "Joseph and His Brethren." . . . There is no intricate, soul-devastating plot such as Hardy weaves.

[This is the third of a series of articles. The fourth will appear in the issue of December 4.]

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Literature on the Left

Proletarian Literature in the United States. An Anthology. International Publishers. $2.50.

American Writers' Congress. Edited by Henry Hart. International Publishers. $1.50.

IT is instructive to consider these books together, illustrating as they do both the theory and the practice of proletarian literature. Moreover, one encounters here a common point of view in all its varieties, so that personal twists—which have their merits no less than their limitations—may come in for due mention and yet not be mistaken for fundamental attitudes. The fundamental revolutionary attitude is militant in both books; but the records of the Writers' Congress are all the same healthfully infused with temperament and touched with controversy, and the contents of the "Anthology" are similarly animated and various. The first merit of both books, then, is that, granted their intention, they are not cut and dried.

The American Writers' Congress was frankly called into existence by a desire among radical writers to codify their aims and consolidate their position. The present book contains not only the speeches delivered there but also the discussion to which those speeches gave rise. Here, for example, is Kenneth Burke's Revolutionary Symbolism in America, together with some of the criticism it met with, and Mr. Burke's reply to that criticism. The final chapter, called Discussions and Proceedings—a condensed version of the minutes of the congress—will make plain to the reader not merely the serious but also the alert and candid spirit in which the congress was conducted. For the first time in this country our left-wing writers met in conclave, aired their views, and sought to clarify their platform by reaching conclusions over its separate planks. That they did not altogether succeed is really to the good; it is evidence of their purposefulness and their sense of reality.

Outsiders of many kinds, so long as they are interested in the social implications of literature, will find this record worthy of their attention. It is, of course, much more significant when read and regarded as a whole than when considered as so many spoken essays; though certain of the essays are good enough to make a separate appeal. Thus Friedrich Wolf's In the Name of Some Heroes is a rousing call to the colors; Dahlberg's Fascism and Writers, soundly informative; Freeman's The Tradition of American Revolutionary Literature, a clean-cut summary of the growth of proletarian writing; Cowley's What the Revolutionary Movement Can Do for a Writer, a sturdy, unsentimental statement of how much but no more a cause can serve the literary mind; and the essays by Burke and Edwin Seaver, both attacked at the congress but both, as I see it, fundamentally correct, are appeals against domination by verbal shibboleths. The essays are not all of a piece; some come close to brilliance, a few do not rise much above banality; but in almost all the partisanship shows a critical, not a romantic, character. Thus they appeal rather to our intelligence than to our feelings. And, best of all, we see that each man has spoken out of his own mind.

The assertions made at the congress concerning the merits of proletarian and revolutionary writing can at once be tested by the "Anthology." Too much can perhaps be claimed for the book. It also is very uneven; some few things in it are downright bad; a fair part of it has only a sociological and not a literary interest. And like all anthologies it does not gain by including passages hacked out of novels and plays and by vaguely attempting to be "representative." But after recording all these objections, one can say that the book is for the most part extremely readable, in great part alive and kicking, and in some part of genuine value and significance. Indeed, one need not be ardently sympathetic with the movement which this anthology represents to agree that artistically the movement has begun to stand on its own feet. There is more to it now than vitality and purposefulness; there is a growing amount of literary significance. Here, certainly, are good and diversified stories by people like Caldwell, Dos Passos, Halper, Josephine Herbst, and Edwin Seaver; poems as full of punch as those of Kenneth Fearing; a play as infectious as "Waiting for Lefty"; and much vigorous critical writing which, far from losing itself in theorizing, gets right down to brass tacks with some of the most-discussed literary work of our day.

With regard to the "Anthology," what one perhaps remarks most is how much of the best proletarian literature is of very recent origin. Had this collection been put together only two years ago, almost everything that gives it stature and some claim to durability would have been missing from it. Five years ago it could scarcely have been compiled at all. The speed with which the movement is growing will carry with it, obviously enough, certain artistic difficulties; but so far, at any rate, the great increase in quantity has been matched by a proportionate increase in quality. There also appears to be a proportionate increase in critical, which is to say, self-critical, understanding. What mistakes have been made in this anthology are no more numerous and no graver than those to be expected in any large compilation. I must end, however, by complaining of the omission, from the poetry, of E. E. Cummings's superb "I Sing of Olaf," and, from the criticism, of the valuable name of Edmund Wilson.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Paths of Empire

The Diplomacy of Imperialism, 1890-1902. By William L. Langer. Alfred A. Knopf. Two Volumes. $7.50.

HISTORIANS are concerned with the human comedy in terms of questions of when and where. Philosophers and social scientists are concerned with questions of how and why. Professor Langer of Harvard is a superlatively competent diplomatic historian. He is skeptical of social science and is definitely not a philosopher. He champions history for history's sake. He is little interested in the past as an explanation of the present and still less interested in history as a body of empirical data from which valid generalizations can be deduced regarding human behavior.

It does not follow, however, that Professor Langer's latest contribution to the understanding of great-power politics is important only for antiquarians or specialists. On the contrary, and almost in spite of himself, he has produced a living record which will be of absorbing interest to every student of contemporary world affairs. These volumes are a sequel to his "European Alliances and Alignments, 1871-1890" and to his excellent study of the first Franco-Russian alliance, which is here summarized in the two opening chapters. This work, which begins with the dismissal of Bismarck and closes with the signing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, covers the major phenomena of European imperialism during the interim in Africa, the Near East, and the Far East.

No scholar has examined the records of diplomacy with more painstaking care or with sounder critical judgment. No writer has unraveled more brilliantly the peculiar complexities of the period, or presented more lucidly the tangled themes of the cacophonous symphony of power, prestige, and profits, of empire, war, and catastrophe. The expert will find much new light here on the original Anglo-French-Italian struggle for control of East Africa, on the rationalizations of British im-

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Drama

A Provincial Lady in Town

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" (Music Box Theater) was both conceived and born under the happiest stars. It is hard to imagine a more skilful adaptation, a better cast, or a more tasteful production. But even this is not all, for to these three miracles is unexpectedly added a fourth. Though no one, it seems, could have made the guess, it now appears that New York was waiting for precisely this. Of course, Jane Austen's wit is as timeless as human nature itself, but at last the fact seems about to be recognized by a public which has long labored under the unaccountable delusion that her novels are something to be read only at school. This winter, unless I am very grievously mistaken, the spinster daughter of a provincial clergyman will be more than popular; she will also be fashionable. Noel Coward had better look to his laurels. What Elizabeth Bennett said to Mr. Darcy is going to be quoted at more and better dinner tables than any remarks about little tumbles in the hay ever were. And I can imagine no greater paradox than that.

So much for what the lay public will think of "Pride and Prejudice." Naturally, the devoted band of Miss Austen's admirers (it is almost a cult) will approach the play in a more captious spirit, but they have, it seems to me, no just cause for alarm. Helen Jerome, who made the adaptation, has worked boldly but with remarkable skill—simplifying where it seemed necessary, making no effort to follow the order of events as narrated in the novel, and inventing bits of dialogue which, so far at least as I remember, have no close analogues in the text. But as a result she has given the piece a real dramatic coherence without sacrificing the spirit of the original, and she has been extraordinarily successful in making natural, effective use of such brilliant scenes and conversations as those involving Mr. Collins's famous proposal and the visit of Lady Catherine de Bourgh to the Bennett household. Like the novel, the play opens with Mrs. Bennett's breathless announcement of the arrival of a new bachelor in the neighborhood, but many scenes are telescoped, the order of the narration is changed, and the whole is built about a few main incidents. Yet the development seems perfectly natural, and there is a solidity of texture rarely found in dramatizations, which so commonly seem, at best, only a series of isolated moments occurring in a void.

Of course "Pride and Prejudice" has inevitably become in the course of time one thing that it was not when it was written—namely, a costume piece. Many social conventions, as well as the manner of dress, have now a certain air of quaintness which was no part of the effect as originally intended. Yet for all the beautiful elaborateness of Jo Mielziner's sets and costumes, there is no tendency to play up the humor of the anachronism at the expense of Jane Austen's intention; and except in one or two cases—as, for example, when a certain amount of stress is laid upon the fact that attentions which Jane Bennett regarded as almost equivalent to a proposal of marriage seem very mild indeed to those who have lived through the era of the petting party—much the same can be said of the text, whose humor is pretty consistently in the spirit of Miss Austen's own. Perhaps the dramatic "Pride and Prejudice" is more persistently, and more nearly exclusively, glittering than a novel which has its leisurely and subdued passages, but on the whole I should say that, above all else, it will serve to prove that Miss Austen's wit can stand on its own feet, that it remains modern in the sense that no important modifications are necessary to put it into

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direct competition with wit in the manner of the moment. Whatever quaint charms "Pride and Prejudice" may possess as subordinate attractions, nothing could be less of a museum piece. Possibly because the shrewdness, the tartness, the cynicism, even, of its author were not developed as the result of any assimilation of the spirit of the smart world of her time but were, instead, generated by a mind capable of discovering for itself those truths about human nature which usually seem the exclusive possession of worldly people, she speaks directly to any civilized age. Few persons have ever lived of whom it could be said so surely that, mentally at least, she would have known her way about any world and that any sophisticated society would have understood her. She was a provincial, but never was there a better illustration of the paradox that to be adequately provincial is to be universal.

In addition, it should also be remarked that her writing has a quality which, so far as I know, has never been so clearly demonstrated before. Unlike much of what seems like "good dialogue" in many novels, her dialogue is actually speakable with fine effect. Consider, for example, the speech of Mr. Bennett when he has been appealed to by his wife to force Elizabeth into an acceptance of Mr. Collins. "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do." Like various others it is transferred directly to the text of the play, and it can be spoken as effectively as anything written originally for the stage. Jane Austen is not merely in the tradition of Fanny Burney. She is also in the tradition of Congreve and Sheridan.

So admirably do all the elements in the production at the Music Box work together for the perfection of the whole that it is difficult to single out any one thing for especial praise. Lucile Watson as Mrs. Bennett, Adrianne Allen as Elizabeth, Helen Chandler as Jane, Percy Wagram as Mr. Bennett, and Alma Kruger as Lady Catherine have the principal roles, and they are admirable; but so too are all the lesser persons. "Pride and Prejudice," as I said at the beginning, was born under a lucky star. I do not remember an evening in the theater of more unalloyed delight.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Utopia or Lilliput?

THE reason "Gulliver's Travels" is so good is that Swift knew exactly what he wanted its symbols to mean. The symbols have their own fascination, so that any child can love them; but no man can outgrow them, and hence the work remains a classic. "The New Gulliver," an adaptation of Swift's story directed by Ptushko for the Moscow Film Studios (Cameo), has nothing like the same likelihood of life. Its thousands of puppets the size of a man's finger are the most engaging possible creatures, and no praise can be too great for the inventiveness with which they are manipulated. The little king who giggles and squeaks, the little politicians whose mouths stretch by some miracle as they contort and declaim, the processions of miniature motor cars, army tanks, bicycles, and coaches, the underground caverns where the tiny workers (slaves of a degenerate upper class) turn out molehills of munitions, the little palaces, the little plains—these become positively beautiful in their smallness whenever V. Konstantinov, the Russian boy who plays Gulliver, stands up in his pleasant might and smiles down at them. But what does the picture mean? The question is proper in view of the fact that it keeps trying to mean something. What do the puppets prove?

Swift himself was ruthlessly clear. His Gulliver, beginning with mere amusement at the antics of a toy race, ended by being forced to admit a strict parallel between those antics and the customs of his native island. It was not that the Lilliputians were contemptible because they were small; it was simply that Europe became contemptible through the absence of any proof that it was different from the thing Gulliver stared at. And—this is the real point—the society he stared at was everywhere ridiculous. All of its parties, its classes, suffered in perspective; Swift's target was nothing less than the human race. But the target of "The New Gulliver" is only half of the human race; only one class is aimed at. The other class, the workers, are expected to escape. And do they? I could not see that they did; for none of the attempts to make them noble succeeded in making me forget that they were small; and when young Petya awoke from his dream of Lilliput his exclamation to the Soviet youths around him—"How great we all are!"—was so far from proving what it was supposed to prove as to establish, in fact, the contrary proposition, namely, that the whole world we had been watching with him had been no more than fanciful, remote, and quaint. I am not saying that the film is inferior to Swift because it is not, like "Gulliver's Travels," a masterpiece of pessimism. I am only saying that it fails to achieve the effect for which it tried, and that it is therefore not in the full sense a masterpiece of any kind. Too little brain work was done in the maneuvering of its puppets toward a meaning. These puppets are the most delightful things an American moviegoer can see at the moment. But Swift still laughs in his grave.

"Way Down East" and "The Three Musketeers" have started at the Center Theater and the Music Hall what will undoubtedly be successful careers; and this is right, since both of them have stories which nothing can spoil—except, of course, that time is destined to do more than it has already done to "Way Down East." Both of them were powerful in the days of silence—one with the help of D. W. Griffith and the other because Douglas Fairbanks was D'Artagnan reincarnate. An interesting question now would be whether we had lost anything in gaining sound. It is a question to which I do not know the general answer; yet I must record that the attempt of Henry King, the director of "Way Down East," to "lighten the theme" and to "modernize the dialogue and action without violating the spirit of the original play," seems in spite of the fine photography to have weakened something which was once very strong—the melodrama, in other words, which Griffith had the courage to keep pure; and that the "Three Musketeers" now visible is neither as spirited as Douglas Fairbanks's nor as convincing as "Les Trois Mousquetaires," the French version revived recently at the Cinéma de Paris. The French film is burlier and more natural at every point, and much more nearly approaches the appalling vigor of Dumas.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Rendezvous," a spy film with William Powell as the fearless and funny decoder, is perhaps not quite as good as "The Thin Man," but it is swift and witty enough to prove that a combination of intelligent dialogue with intelligent direction is about the most difficult thing we have these days to resist.

MARK VAN DOREN

Next Week in THE NATION

Oswald Garrison Villard will review "I Write As I Please," by Walter Duranty.

Louis Hacker will review "The Crisis of the Middle Class," by Lewis Corey.

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